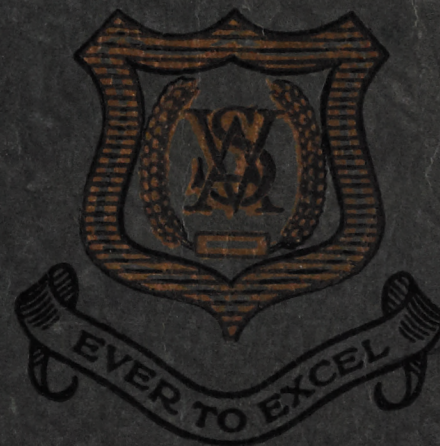
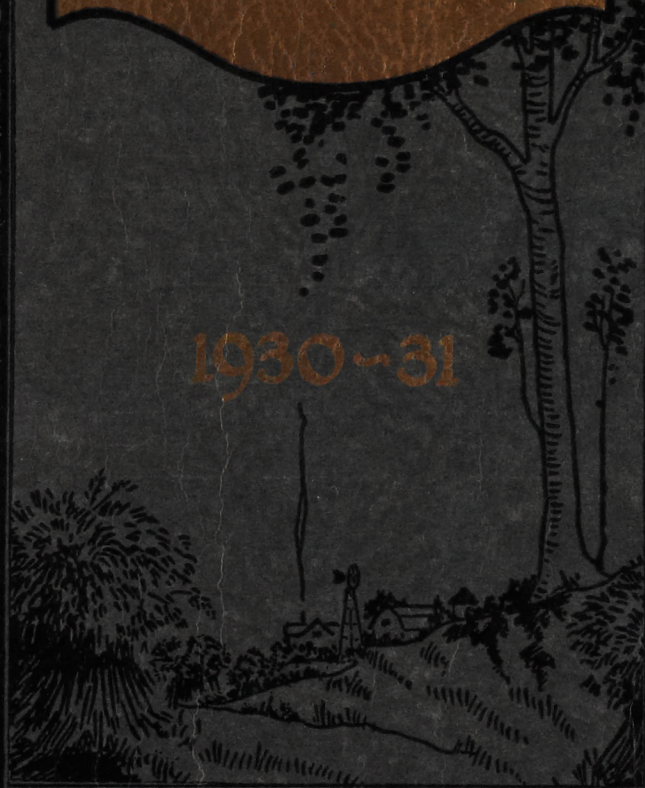


H. Cochrane

VERMILION
SCHOOL OF
AGRICULTURE

1930-31





Dedication



This Yearbook is respectfully dedicated to the cherished memory of—

Verna Alberta Shackleton

who passed away at the early age of twenty-three years in August, 1930.

Verna was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alberta E. Shackleton of Fort Saskatchewan, and entered the Vermilion School of Agriculture in the fall of 1927, to better prepare herself for the study of nursing which she proposed later to undertake at the University Hospital.

Former classmates and members of the School Staff came to know Verna Shackleton as a loving friend and a loyal comrade during her two years at the School and news of her death was received with profound sorrow.

Through the years her memory will stand out as a precious thing in the lives of her friends—ours is the privilege to offer to this memory a modest but sincere dedication.



Foreword



“Again the silent wheels of time their annual round have driven,” and another group of graduates turn their backs on the halls of learning and their faces to the world. For most of them graduation day marks a bend in the road, from the responsibilities of youth to those of manhood and womanhood.

The future is a closed book. Its pages are unopened and unused. May I express the hope that time will write therein with a kindly disposition. The past is known, and its days have been filled with pleasant companionships and valuable opportunities. It is but an indication of those things which, I trust, await the graduate in future years.

In every age agriculture presents new problems. The economic aspect is today assuming a degree of importance hitherto unknown. During the past few decades the people of this Province have devoted their energies to the task of bringing new areas under cultivation and increasing agricultural production. In future, methods must be adopted whereby production costs will be reduced to a minimum and the quality of our products made equal and, if possible, superior to those of any of our competitors.

The training which you have received has been calculated to prepare you for this task. Those responsible for providing the educational facilities which you have been privileged to enjoy cherish the hope that you will not only be more expert farmers and homemakers, but that you will preserve a keen appreciation of the finer things of life and be examples in your communities of all that may be implied by the term “good citizen.” In this way the majority will find opportunity for making the most valuable contribution to their day and generation.

J. F. ANDREW,
Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture.



Editorial



IN looking over the year books of previous years we find such quotations as "The best is yet to come," "In future, chapters will be written which will tell of greater accomplishments." True, the best may still be "yet to come," but it will be an exceptional term which will excel the one we are just completing. In the Yearbook we publish at least a few of the "greater things" that have been prophesied.

Our Yearbook has been changed in some respects in the hope of making it more entertaining and more interesting without altering its primary objective as a souvenir of a happy and useful winter among friends and classmates.

It is the hope of those responsible for this book that prospective students of the Institution may come in contact with the magazine and that they may receive enthusiasm and inspiration that will cause them to swell the ranks of future V.S.A. classes. We feel safe in saying that in no other institution can they obtain a better groundwork in Agriculture and Household Science than is offered in the curriculum of this school.

The term began last fall under somewhat unusual conditions, winter having arrived long before it might ordinarily be considered due; threshing of a heavy crop was far from being completed and the general lateness of the fall made it necessary to postpone the opening of the School for two weeks. Even with this concession of time many of our students were unable to report promptly for classes, and, unfortunately the deflation

in grain prices was responsible for a very heavy cut in actual registration as compared with the large number of applications that had been received from young people intending to spend the winter at the School.

The financial and agricultural stress through which we are now passing makes us realize that if we are to succeed as agriculturists we must be efficient in our methods of conducting business. While realizing that efficiency cannot prevent hail storms, frosts, droughts or other adverse conditions of nature it cannot but be admitted that if efficiency in methods is not of a high order, mismanagement may easily be added to those conditions over which we have no control and may contribute to failure in maintaining agriculture in the position she deserves. The theoretical and practical courses of such an institution form a foundation on which we may build for the future.

The social side of school life, by no means an unimportant phase of the education, especially of young people who come from the farms, is certain to make an impression on our future; the opportunity of spending one or more winters with a group of fellow students, in residence under dormitory conditions, tends to broaden the mind and to make for tolerance of the views and desires of others. This influence is carried back to our communities and broadcast among the people in general. Our students may be likened to storage batteries, sent away to be charged; when the job is completed they return to their source to discharge their current to those who wish to receive it.

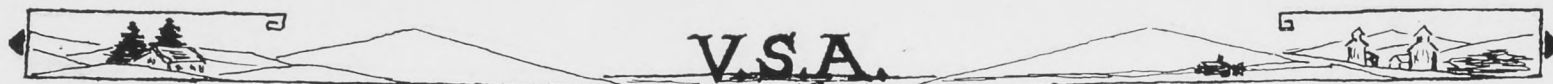
We trust that the friendships formed in the atmosphere of the Vermilion School of Agriculture may have a lasting effect, as the boys weld the links that form the chain in the forge shop, so are links of friendship formed and merged into one great chain, a chain that will stand the test of time.

*No talk of race or caste or creed
No fault of hair or shade of skin,
Shall bar me of my choice, indeed
The sweetest not may lie within*

*The toughest shell; 'Twould be a sin
To lose a comrade, or resign
My company for cause so thin,
All good fellows are friends of mine.*

As we leave these halls for other fields, many of us never to return, let us take with us our school motto, "Ever to Excel."

PERCY HOWE, 1931



A Message from the Principal

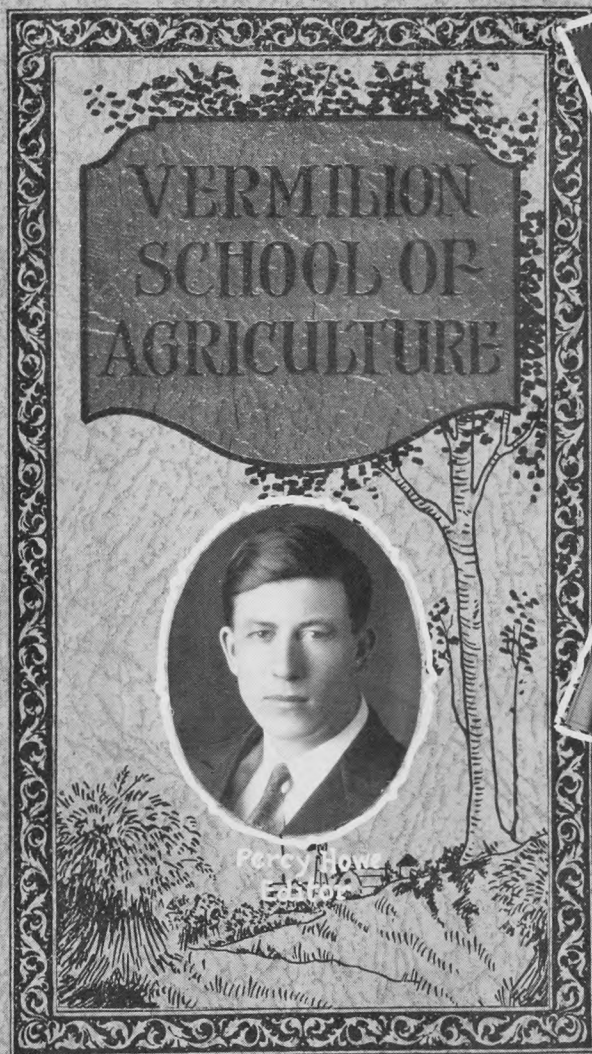


Another school year is nearing its close, a year that many will remember because of the depression that extended over the entire country. Rarely before, perhaps, have we seen conditions that demanded as great fortitude on the part of the people of Western Canada and yet, in spite of adverse economic conditions the attendance at the Vermilion School of Agriculture has been maintained in a surprising manner.

It might have been expected, with local conditions as they are, that the number enrolling would be far short of last year's record when we had the gratifying number of 177 students. An enrollment of 120 girls and boys for the past year is certainly creditable and is a wonderful tribute to the Mothers and Fathers who, under economic stress, in many cases, have worked a little harder and sacrificed a little more, in order that their boys and girls might enjoy the advantages that were little known in earlier days. To these parents our students owe a great debt of gratitude.

In appreciation of such thoughtful efforts on the part of parents we feel that all V.S.A. students will live a continuous "thank you" when they return to their own communities. They may well be a little more thoughtful, a little more earnest and a little more willing to assume responsibility, a little more anxious for the finer things of life and a little more determined that Father and Mother shall come first—in fact a little more the kind of young man and young woman the Principal expects them to be.

W. J. ELLIOTT.



Marcelle Marie
Rep. 2nd year
Girls



Edith Hutchinson
Rep. 1st year
Girls



S.C.
Heckbert
Business
Manager



G.W. Malaher
Circulation



Grace Roderick



Oliver Dumbreck
Rep. 1st year Boys



Roy Lent
Rep. 2nd year Boys



"Farming in India"

By Eric G. Hale

Ghandi depicts his countrymen as the most oppressed race in the world; yet the Indian ryot, or cultivator, is one of the happiest souls on the face of the earth, however great his poverty might be. His methods are antedeluvian, and would be scorned by his namesake in Canada, but he continues with his wooden plow and yoke of oxen, occasionally twisting the latter's tails, but generally content to let them plod their own weary, lackadaisical, silent way. Frequent attempts have been made to impose modern machinery and up-to-date methods upon the Indian farmer, but he is very loth to adopt them; what was good enough for his forefathers, remains good enough for him, and it is doubtful if he would accept modern farm machinery, even if supplied to him gratis. Like his associate in Canada, he is generally in debt, only more so. His crops are often pledged before they are sown, perhaps for more than one year ahead; his land may be mortgaged to the hilt; some areas often suffer from drought, causing the terrible famines that have ravaged India in the past. The ryots, (unlike the Canadian farmer in this respect) are thin and appear under-nourished—likewise the cattle they drive—yet they are happy, and pursue the even tenor of their way little caring what the morrow may bring. Those engaged agriculturally in the Himalayan mountains, are very industrious, cutting out step upon step of fields down the hillside on which they grow their crops. When in school, I often sneaked out of bounds during the night in company with other boys, and made raids on their fields.

As the motorcar has been a financial trouble to the Canadian farmer, so in India the marriage and burial ceremonies cause his undoing, only more so. When an Indian dies, a great feast must be prepared by his family for the friends around, who flock in, ostensibly to mourn the dead, actually to partake of the feast; mourners must be hired, also tom-tom (drum) men and musicians who blow the shrillest sounds from their execrable trumpets. The reader has only to hear them to understand why they are designated "execrable." I have heard the much abused bag-pipe likened to pig's shrieks, but although no lover of the bag-pipe, I would sooner attune my ears to the "pig's shrieks" than listen to the music played by Indian musicians. By way of a diversion, it may incense Scotch readers to learn that one caste of Indians, I forget which, play the bag-pipes; some Indian regiments have their own pipe bands, and claim that the Scotch stole their national instrument from them. Let the Scotch see to this! Occasionally only tom-tom men are engaged for these ceremonies, and the droning sounds made by the steady rythmical beating on the drums wafted over the distance through a silent oriental night, mingled with the occasional calls of wild animals, effect a weird impression upon a restless sleeper's mind. On the occasion of a wedding, the same musicians are employed for a greater length of time, as the celebrations may extend over a few days; the man who is marrying off a daughter must equip her with a dowry, and consequently pledges his credit to the utmost. From this it will be readily understood why in former times many female children were murdered at birth.

The Canadian farmer thinks he has cause for complaint against the banks because of their rates of interest, but he is immeasurably better off than his confrere in India. There, the money lenders exact their pound of flesh remorselessly; as high as 50% has been known to have been charged, with the result that the ryots burden themselves with a life-long debt; their debts descend to their children, and children's children, with the result that the Indian cultivator is the poorest of his associates in the same walk of life in any other country in the world. His crops

are seized by the money-lenders leaving him the barest pittance on which to pursue his avocation; for the most part they are totally illiterate, they do not understand the documents to which they apply their thumb-marks—which take the place of signatures—and submit to the inexorable money-lender's extortion with meek oriental fatalism. Of recent years the government has striven to make the ryot's lot happier by establishing institutions resembling the Farm Loans Boards of Canada, but these require their clients to be of good standing—this is only good business—and the majority of the masses are so heavily encumbered that they cannot take advantage of the substantially low interest rates offered by the loan boards, and it is open to conjecture whether they will ever extract themselves from their hopeless and helpless situation.

Between 50% and 60% of India's peoples are engaged in agricultural pursuits. At one time, up to the end of the past century, agriculture was almost the sole industry of the country; since then, however, cotton and jute mills have sprung up—for these, the country grows and supplies its own raw materials, besides having a large exportable surplus. The staple of the cotton is shorter than the American product, but in spite of this, considerable quantities of baled cotton are yearly shipped to Japan and Britain, where it is mixed with longer stapled cotton to reduce costs. Attempts are now being made, with a fair measure of success, to cross the American varieties with the Indian and produce a longer stapled cotton. Several manufacturing industries have sprung into being, some of them attracting the ryot from his fields, and the country is gradually becoming more and more self-supporting. Millions of British capital have been sunk in these industries and with true Irish perversity, the Indian revolutionists desire to oust those who have made the country what it is. The ryot, however, is perfectly content with his present lot and cannot be included among the factionaries; they have seldom, if ever, been associated with any political or rebellious movement; their simple wants have ever been to be left in peace to till their lands. In the course of Indian history, passing centuries have imposed many rulers upon them; Arab, Aryan, Afghan, Mogul, and Persian invaders have succeeded each other in ruling the land, followed by Portuguese, Dutch, French and finally the English. The ryot has unconcernedly watched the bloody battles which have been waged by the warring conquerors, but themselves have not lent their aid to any party, although sometimes subjected to pillage, arson and other fearful horrors of war; their only concern has been to speculate who shall be their next ruler, and they have meekly submitted their necks to the yoke of each new conqueror.

The soil of India is in the main extremely fertile, and with helpful seasons sometimes permit of two or three crops a year—though not necessarily, from the same fields. Long custom has taught the ryot the use of fallow, crop rotation and manures. Unfortunately, their extreme poverty does not permit of the extended use of manures, and it is largely used as fuel. Many towns and villages have no need to employ street sweepers, for, every day, a swarm of children, adults too, may be seen prowling around the streets and country roads, sedulously collecting horse and cow manure which is later formed into cakes and sold as fuel.

The houses of the ryots are the poorest imaginable; often rude shacks are erected of palms which are frequently blown down during heavy storms, but spring up again under the labor of the imperturbable masses; in many cases, the houses are rudely fashioned with sticks, the chinks

(Continued on page 24)



OUR 1930-31 GROUP

Above is shown the Staff and Students of the present year and it is interesting to note that the entire territory covered by the institution is represented; students from away north of 59 are shown with those from as far west as Onoway, from the Saskatchewan border and from the C.P.R. line on the south. As the students go to their homes they will spread information regarding the "College" and we hope that next year our group will be "bigger and better than ever."



The Little Royal

By D. A. Andrew

Great Oaks from little acorns grow to fine stalwart giants of the vegetable kingdom. Later they serve man in commerce and ornament his home. Thus continues an apparently endless chain of circumstances and events that influence the lives of generations of our species.

So our "Little Royal" small to begin with but imbued with a desire to inculcate in the lives of our students a desire to display to the world ability in showmanship, has started on a career. A career let us hope that will eventually cause it to be recognized over this part of the Province as the show window of this seat of learning, and the starting point of many successful showmen and show-women.

This year our Fair was favoured with the presence of Professor Sackville of the University of Alberta and Mr. H. A. Craig the Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province. These gentlemen placed the awards and gave talks, instructive in nature, and much appreciated by the large crowd of onlookers, drawn not only from the student body but from the surrounding territory.

All the live stock were exhibited outside. The weather on Fair day (February 14th) being spring like, no one wished the shelter of a wall or a roof but preferred to bask in the unusually warm rays of a February sun. Not only did the spectators enjoy this but the ten Barred Rock hens plumed themselves delightfully to the mesmerising gestures of their trainers. The five Oxford ewe lambs, emblems of innocence followed stalwart escorts, while a like number of young bovines fresh from morning ablutions in laundry tubs, and mangers laden with nutritious food, stood at attention. Ten members of the Clydesdale fraternity, with manes and tails decked with the product of the braid and flower makers, walked, trotted, or stood glittering in the sunshine, making a scene pleasant to the eye and heart of any lover of livestock.

Besides the above, the usual display of Baking, Sewing, Millinery, Seed, Carpentering and Blacksmithing were on exhibit. During the evening Prof. Sackville gave an address to the members of the Versatile Club. Later the "Radio" Committee entertained all comers to a jolly dance in the Gymnasium.

The awards in the various classes were as follows:

Boys' Classes

Blacksmithing.....	1st, Howard Cowan
Carpentry.....	1st, Stanley Lindberg
Wheat.....	1st, Ross Zwierschke
Oats.....	1st, Alf. Russell
Barley.....	1st, Oliver Dumbreck
Poultry.....	1st, Cecil Warner 2nd, Martin Fjeldstad
Sheep.....	1st, Ernie Pitman 2nd, Ian Hamilton
Cattle.....	1st, Robert Waddell 2nd, James Thom
Horses.....	1st, Everett Johnson 2nd, Myron Latam
Live Stock Championship.....	Robert Waddell

Special prizes donated by H. S. Patrick to the boys doing the most work on the animals in each class were given as follows:

Poultry.....	Cecil Warner
Sheep.....	John Maire
Cattle.....	James Thom
Horses.....	Percy Howe

Girls' Classes

2nd Year Bread Making.....	1st, Annie Litwin 2nd, Olinda Drozdowich
2nd Year Cushions.....	1st, Marjorie McLaughlin 2nd, Bertha Arndt
2nd Year Millinery.....	1st, Bertha Arndt 2nd, Helen Hecko
1st Year Biscuits.....	1st, Mabel Berg 2nd, Muriel Nowry
1st Year Embroidery.....	1st, Fern Clement 2nd, Mary Hennig
1st Year Millinery.....	1st, Edith Hutchinson 2nd, Ruth Gibson
1st Year Darning.....	1st, Mary Hennig 2nd, Mabel Berg
Thrift Problem.....	1st, Marjorie McLaughlin

Checkmates

One day when Waddell had devoured every hotcake on the table and Eva had become almost exhausted with fetching more she suddenly exclaimed, "They will have to raise the price of your board."

"Oh! I hope they don't do that," he said, "It is nearly killing me to eat all I pay for now and if they raise my board and make me eat more it will kill me for sure."

* * * *

Infallible Test

A student supposed to be deficient in judgment was asked by one of the Professors in the course of a class examination, "How would you discover a fool?"

"By the questions he would ask," was the quick reply.

* * * *

Slicky—Trying to decide which he would choose, eventually decided it was impossible, and said:

"I'll have to marry the both of you."

One of Them—"But that would be bigamy."

Slicky—"It would be big o' me too."

* * * *

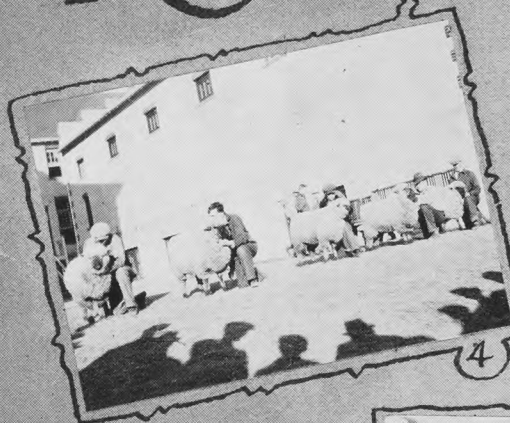
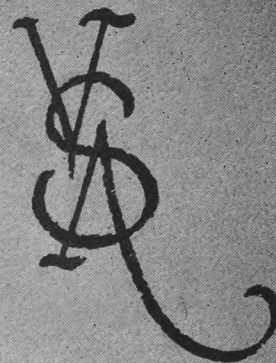
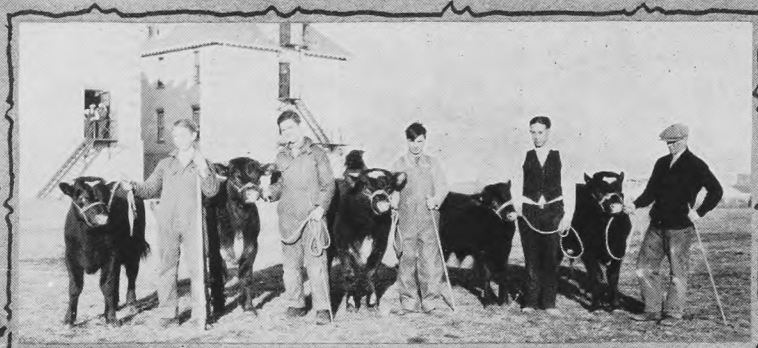
They had been going together for a long time and one night were sitting in the library looking through the Vermilion Standard. "Look," Buck exclaimed, "only fifteen dollars for a suit of clothes." "Is it a wedding suit?" Dot asked, looking naively at him. "Oh, no, a business suit," he answered. "Well, I meant business," she replied.



V.S.A.



The
"Little
Royal"



1930



1931



V.S.A.



Oberammergau

By W. G. Malaher

In a level valley on the northern fringe of the great mass of mountains which separate the flat lands of Germany from the plains of Italy, nestled under the shade of the surrounding hills, lies the homely, simple unspoiled village of Oberammergau.

Like others who had been attracted to this picturesque Bavarian village I must confess that it was largely curiosity which drew me there one bright, warm day last August. Yet not altogether curiosity, for with it was a genuine desire to witness a performance which was being warmly discussed throughout the whole of Christendom,—a performance which, save for a few interruptions due to war, has been given regularly for the past three hundred years.

For bringing me to Oberammergau I feel grateful to Casper Schisler. Poor Casper Schisler! He deserves well of posterity although he played a scurvy trick on his contemporaries for which the fates promptly exacted capital punishment. The story is a long one, yet you must know that Casper Schisler was a humble laborer of Oberammergau just about the time the Pilgrim Fathers settled in America. As one of the remote consequences of a thirty years' war a great plague was ravaging Bavaria, scattering death in its wake. Oberammergau had been spared this visitation, yet not for long; for, urged by a natural desire to see his wife and children, this good man who was working in the plague stricken village of Eschenlohe, evaded the quarantine and brought death upon himself and his fellow men. Helpless in their plight, the villagers assembled to discuss the situation and it was then that a vow was made, in token of their penitence, to hold a Passion Play in the village every ten years. From that moment, the chronicler tells us, the hand of death was stayed.

It remained, later, for the parish priest, Daisemberger, a born dramatist who saw the opportunity the performance offered, to strip the play of all that was farcial, and to produce a wonderfully faithful dramatic rendering of the Gospel Story.

So much I learn from the trusty guide book as, in a wooden-seated compartment, we rattle and jerk along the fifteen miles that separate Murneau from Oberammergau. As we step out onto the platform, we feel, those of us who have not been here before, that we have set foot in another world, that we are living in another age. On every side of us, ready to carry our baggage to its destination, are men and youths whose long hair and beards strike us as curiously archaic. Custom decrees that none shall cut the hair or beard, and Nature has fashioned in these hardy Tyrolese mountaineers a type that is made all the more striking by their flowing locks. We seem to see in them already the Bible characters of old.

As we pass through the main street all is astir in preparation for the morrow. The train has emptied its load of visitors who are finding their way to their billets for the night. Already the village has cast its spell upon us. We are tempted to linger and admire the clean white houses with their painted fronts and richly carved exteriors, to eye with envy

these stalwart mountaineers as in their picturesque costume they stroll laughing down the street. Yet our good Bavarian friend has others to care for and we must hasten on.

We are fortunate for we are to stay at the Pension Alois Lang who plays the part of Christus. A welcome awaits us here and it is not long before we are enjoying a meal the like of which, I venture to say, only the good housewife of Oberammergau knows how to prepare.

A fine type of man, our host, hospitable, refined, proud of his home, his occupation, his village. And with good reason. Indeed, the student of social economics might do worse than observe how life goes on with the villagers of Oberammergau. They are more like the Swiss than Germans and have most of the characteristics of the mountaineers, who, whether they be called Swiss or Tyrolese, are one of the most respectable species of the human race. The traditional art of the village is woodcarving, and our host is a master carver. Apart from his profession his most beloved hobby, and one of which he loves to talk, is the keeping of bees. Isolation begets independence and this little community develops the most simple and sound system of democratic government. Nearly every man is a landowner, the poorest with about three acres and the richest about sixty. But over and above that they have the inestimable privilege of pasturage on the Alp. Talk about three acres and a cow! That ideal has been more than realized ever so long at Oberammergau. Never was there such a place for cows. The population is not more than 1600, but among them they own more than 600-700 cows. Thus they make a living; but the one event for which they live is the Passion Play.

It is said that these people keep on talking for five years of the play that is past and for another five years of the play that is to come. Be this as it may, innumerable are the preparations necessary before the play is ready for presentation. In order to keep the players in practice, a play is performed each year on a stage that is specially designed for that purpose. About two years before the performance all the citizens are called to the communal council where the mayor reminds them of their sacred vow. Now is the time when life in Oberammergau gets busier every day, the time when the whole village is in readiness for the big event which concerns so many: The Election of the Performers. Altogether 685 persons take part in the play and actually come on to the stage. Of these 125 speaking roles have to be elected. Naturally, it is the reputation of the candidate that weighs heavily but no less important is a good figure, a good audible voice, and a pronounced talent for impersonating. It is a point of honor to obtain one of the great roles and the prospect serves, during the course of many years, as a moral guide to the majority of young folk. Yet there is a wide choice of suitable performers among that little group of artists for they have been accustomed to plays and recitations since childhood, they have been brought up in the atmosphere of the play, and they have developed a





Love for self-expression which is, in truth, a part of their very nature. Small wonder, then, that we find in our host a man with poise, dignity and charm, for has not the greatest honor that it is possible to confer been conferred on him?

Time is precious and, supper over, we set forth on foot to explore this village which has so much to offer us. The streets are crowded, mostly with American and English visitors. The villagers themselves, accustomed to this periodical invasion from the outside world, seem little disturbed by it. Still more visitors arrive by bus and we begin to wonder where they will find a home for the night. The difficulty is apparently solved, for by 11 o'clock the streets are almost deserted. People have gone to bed. We follow, for a full day is ahead of us; the performance is to start at 8 o'clock.

It is not difficult to find the theatre. It stands at the far end of the town in the Passion meadow. As we view it for the first time we wonder what the villagers of 1600 A.D. would have thought of this massive building, accustomed as they were to performing the play in the church itself and in the churchyard. Indeed, it was not until about the year 1830 that the play was held in a rough open air theatre on the present site.

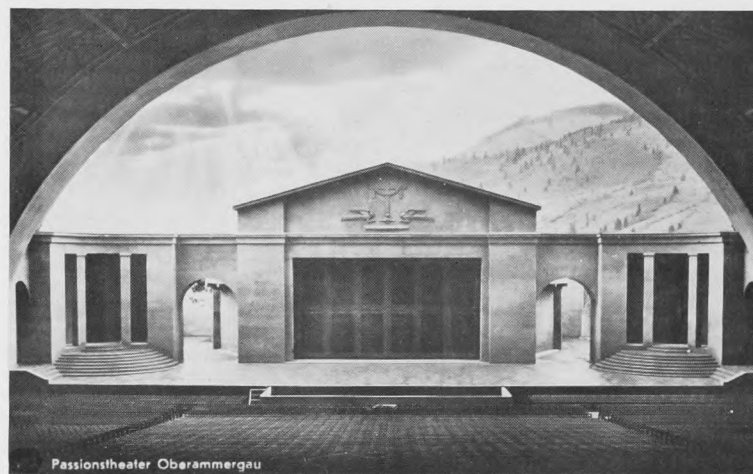
No makeshift building this, but commodious, well planned, and so designed that any one of the five thousand people in it can follow the play without difficulty. The stage itself represents the city of Jerusalem. On either side stand the houses of Pilate and Herod with broad steps leading up to them, and in the centre, the covered middle stage designed to house the living pictures as well as those scenes which take place in a closed room. Between the spectators and the fore-stage is placed the orchestra. Save for the central portion, the stage is open so that above the streets of Jerusalem the blue sky appears, and the forests of Kirchegg and Mount Hornle for a background the rugged natural beauty of which gives a most impressive setting. There is a chill to the early morning air, and, with a four hour sitting ahead of us (the whole play lasts eight hours with a two hour interval for lunch), we wrap our rugs closely around us. It is eight o'clock. One by one the chorus file onto the stage and take up their places on either side, leaving the central stage exposed to view. There are twenty-six female and nineteen male singers and, but for the difference in stature, it is difficult at a distance to tell them apart. With the chorus is Anton Lang, the impersonator of Christ for the past two decades, who during the 1930 performance is to speak the prologue.

After a short prelude the curtain is drawn aside and the first of the twenty-four tableaux which occur at the beginning of each act, is before us. It is emblematic of the Fall of Man and shows the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. As in many of the tableaux which follow, the figures are so motionless that we can scarcely believe them to be living men and women.

The Prologue, a second tableau, and then, of a sudden, a noise of singing and joyful acclamation. Down the narrow street past Pilate's

house comes a multitude of people singing "Hosannah to the Son of David," and strewing palms in the way of Christ, as riding on the side of an ass' colt, He enters Jerusalem. How quickly is the scene to change!

One by one the incidents in the life of Christ are presented with a vividness and reality that, for a group of humble artisans, is truly amazing. Every word is spoken in German, but such is the artistic skill of the actors, so faithful is their interpretation, so full of meaning is their every gesture, that we have no difficulty in following the English translation of the play.



A description of the play and players is, of course, impossible here; indeed, such is not the purpose of this article. Suffice it to mention one or two of the most remarkable scenes in the play. Of these, the two tableaux which foreshadow the Last Supper are marvellous displays of grouping hundreds of persons in a comparatively small space. The first is the gathering of manna in the wilderness; the second the return of the spies from the promised land with a bunch of grapes so colossal as to cause two strong men to stagger beneath its weight. The whole of the stage is a mosaic of heads and hands. Four hundred persons, including 150 children, are grouped into these two living pictures and so motionless are they that you might almost imagine them to be a group in

colored marble.

In the second division of the play Christ is condemned to death by the High Council, Peter denies his master, Judas distracted by remorse hangs himself in the Potter's field, and Christ appears in the judgment hall before Pilate who, anxious to be relieved of the jurisdiction sends him to King Herod. There follows a scene that will live in the minds of the spectators long after other details of the play may be forgotten. Of a sudden the city of Jerusalem is in an uproar. Traders and priests run everywhere, crowds muster in front of the Sanhedrin, and finally one tumultuous mob comes pouring down the street to Pilate's house to demand the release of Barabbas and the crucifixion of Christ. Worked up to a frenzied pitch, the crowd with their persistent cries of, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" override Pilate who, washing his hands of the matter yields to their demands. As a mass scene this is without parallel; as a climax to the second division of the play it can never be forgotten.

The last division portrays the Way to the Cross, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Much might be said of the faithful rendering of the part of "Christus" by Alois Lang—a part that must call for a very close study of the life of the Master and for great physical endurance. Much, also, of Anni Rutz and Hansi Preisenger who take the parts of Mary and Mary Magdalene with such understanding. In the earlier part of the play, of Guido Mayr who with such dramatic zeal portrays Judas, and of Hanns Lang the youthful impersonator of John. Neither time nor space permits.

In the last tableau Christ ascends to heaven. The last jubilant song of the angels, "Hallelujah," fills the hall. The Passion Play is over.

(Continued on page 39)



Our Discovery of the West

By W. B. Turnbull

It was Archie's suggestion that we go discovering.

"Discovering what?" I asked dubiously. "Everything's been discovered long ago."

"Everything's been discovered in a kind of way," Archie explained patiently, "but it's not complete. Now take these birds Verendrye and Nicolet and La Salle. They travelled by water. I'll bet there's lots of towns out west they never even heard of. They left a lot undone. I've read them all and they don't even mention Chicago. I'm going to cover their trail and see what they've missed. Only I'm going by land."

The idea was intriguing and so was Archie. He was a tall, raw-boned policeman of Toronto whose vagrant instincts had not been entirely quelled by married life. As a matter of fact, he confided in me that his wife was ill-content with this police business and was eager that he go West where opportunities were abundant.

"It's a wonderful chance," Archie explained, "and I'm going to take it. I'll have to move fast because she doesn't stay one way long," which, of course, I took it, applied to his wife.

Archie had a car. Under pressure he admitted it was a few years old, but added grimly, "A good hack all the same. You'd better come along." When he sensed my lingering temerity he advised me of his three years as a taxidriver, and of his four years as a mechanic. "What's more," he added, "I always carry my tools." A trinity such as this: mechanic, taxidriver, policeman, was surely sufficient to guide any car to its haven. The logic was infallible; I agreed to come along.

So we made our first step Westwards. That is, I moved up to Archie's, so that we might get a proper start in the morning. For some unaccountable reason he thought it absolutely necessary that we make an early morning getaway—say four or five o'clock. I gathered that continents were tricky things and that it required a deal of guile to sneak up on them.

At Archie's, too, I discovered the Wife. It was then that I understood his theory that all wild life had not been uncovered by La Salle. Fortunately, her inclinations were favorable. The afternoon, under her inspiring influence, we devoted to the loading of the car.

This ancient contraption was open and possessed two seats, upholstered in that type of leather that turns an ordinary day to a blazing Sahara, a pleasant night to a frigid Alaska. Into the rear went a jumble of rugs, coats, suitcases, patent stoves, and the unwanted part of the household's cooking utensils. These, by persistent effort, we eventually compressed into a mass that might be lain upon. The overflow brought out by the Wife was expeditiously returned by the Husband and secreted beneath the front verandah.

Saturday morning we started. That is, we took what aviators would term a trial flight. It lasted thirty-two minutes and resulted in a broken pinion. This was no discredit to the car, Archie assured me. "They all have 'em," he said, "and they all bust." But it postponed our departure until Sunday.

At Sunday's dinner we discovered Father. He too, had been a policeman, but, unlike his son, he had remained one. From him I learned of Archie's secret yearning to be a book agent and to conquer the West. In his youth Father had bought somebody's Unexcelled Encyclopedia, and this wealth of ready information had done little in the ensuing years but burn into his heart an unquenchable loathing for book agents. The situation ruined a really excellent Sunday dinner. By the time we had

reached the dessert, Archie had become convinced that book agents were the world's worst pests, that all parts of Canada but Toronto were a gaping void, and that anything so senile as a nation-wide trip would never be laid to the memory of the McGillicuddys.

My hopes of emulating Verendrye were shattered; the wife's vision of wealth was dissipated. I sat back in despair. The Wife merely sat back. There is a reassuring quality in the glint of a woman's eye. Without a word she told me all was well.

It needs little speculation to reconstruct the conversation that followed, that night, in the marital chamber. Sufficient to say, that on the morrow Archie's faith in books had been completely restored. The uniform was returned to the inspector, apologies and resignations were again proffered, and an hour was fixed for departure.

Promptly at four-thirty—Father was coming at five—we roared through the streets of Toronto. Archie's years as a taxi driver had developed his penchant for notoriety, so, as I say, we roared away with the cut-out opened wide.

That night we discovered Petrolia. This was Archie's choice, not because of any virtue inherent in Petrolia. But Archie had an aunt there. Indeed, our stopping places across the continent were nearly always determined by this happy presence of an aunt. It was a part of this discovery business that Archie most enjoyed.

"It's not so much to save money you know," he confided in me, "but it's nice to meet your relations." To which sentiment, after the first three aunts, I took violent exception.

Of one thing I am certain; Scotland is denuded of McGillicudys. The Petrolia aunt showed us albums of them, from their cute childhood, pictured in frilled petticoats, to their grave maturity portrayed in black broadcloth and wing collars. My chief reflection was a profound admiration of the skill the McGillicudys possessed in the cultivation of long black moustaches. They were a family institution. For three hours we lamented failures and gloated over achievements. We traced hoards of Mac's from birth, through marriage, to death; and then followed through with their offspring. They are an interesting family, the McGillicudys, but eventually even Archie began to nod, and the aunt, really a kindly soul, escorted us upstairs by lamplight to our bed beneath the eaves.

Petrolia is quite an oil town. Production figures mean nothing. But just try to sleep through your first night in that town. Ten thousand oil-pumping winches creak and groan like a myriad of doors in a breeze. They say Petrolia people can't sleep anywhere else as they become so accustomed to the eternal squeaks that a decent silence worries them. It's the only reason I can give why anyone should remain in Petrolia.

At Windsor, we met Uncle Sam. He was in uniform, and he chewed tobacco. Between exhortations, he asked our names, our religion, our age, how long we were to be in the States, when we were coming back, or if ever.

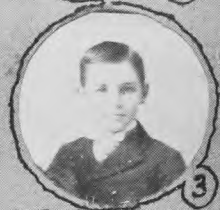
"Friend," said Archie, "we're going to Moose Jaw, it's in Canada, and it's about twenty-four hundred miles from here."

"Moose Jaw! and how?" queried the official. "In that crate? you better pay poll tax now. You'll be a long time in the States." He

(Continued on page 42)



THE STAFF IN 1900



THE KEY TO THIS PUZZLE WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 47.



Sporting

HOCKEY

With the advent of spring we have seen the last of our hockey. Considering the limited talent found in the College our team had a fairly successful year. Although they did not get very high in the Civic League, yet they always put up a game which deserved more credit than the goals signified.

Under the very able coaching of Mr. Turnbull a team was developed which was much better than that of last year. We were not fortunate in having enough strong players present at the College to make up a complete team, thus, we had to call in the aid of three of our ex-students in persons of Norman and Douglas Burch with our old reliable goal defender Frank Mead. With the co-operation of these boys and the mass support of the school prospects began to brighten and the team launched off in a game winning streak, but alas it came too late to be of value towards winning the cup lost two years ago.

The squad made a trip to Mannville, where, after a hard fought battle, they nosed out on the heavy end of the score. To even things up the Mannville fellows came up on the following Saturday and played the College on the town rink. A game was played in which it was a toss just who was going to win but again the students after a final grand attack emerged from the fight victorious. Much could be said in favour of the sportsmanship shown by the Mannville hockey team and their followers.

A large amount of the success of the team this year can be attributed to the very strong support given by the students when things were not going so well with the team.

—G. A. O.



1930-31 HOCKEY TEAM



V.S.A. MANHANDLERS

TUMBLING

“Going down to the gym. in the morning?” What a familiar question to the small squad of boys who, during the term, endeavored to develop a “Bob MacDonald” physique. Our tumbling was hard work but good fun; imagine us at six a.m., most mornings, instructed by the patient Bob, twisting, turning, grunting yes and even groaning in the struggle to “make” those peculiar positions as required. The laughs at our expense intermingled with the occasional congratulations to the pupil immediately ahead of us as he accomplished some trick of an unusual nature.

Yet we found our muscles hardened and our backs bent so that we soon mastered the easier “stunts” and thus were we gradually initiated into a new sport which will serve to remind us of the days at V.S.A. and will always provide the means to spend an enjoyable half hour.



Activities

BASKETBALL

Glancing back over the present year it would seem that Basketball has not claimed as great attention as in previous years; this is probably accounted for by reason of the exceptionally mild winter which enabled the students to spend a great deal of their time out-of-doors, either on the rink, pitching horse shoes or playing football.

During the fall term a practice league was organized and the uninitiated were given an opportunity to learn some of the fine points of the game. A school team was chosen and have given a good account of themselves.

EDWIN CHANDLER, V.S.A. graduate of '29, brought along a fast moving aggregation from his home town, Ranfurly, to oppose our boys. A keen game resulted in a win for the V.S.A. by a narrow margin. Hay and Chantreau were a tower of strength on the college defence, while McDonald, Scraba, Mills and Russell all accounted for several scores. "Buck" Johnston was effective in combination.

Inter-class basketball proved of considerable interest with the Third Year having a slight edge, probably in view of their previous experience on the gym. floor and the superior team work of the members of the team.

The girls of the Dormitory staff had, as usual, a hard-playing aggregation and consistently upheld their end of the game in a number of encounters with teams from the Town.

After languishing to some extent owing to the mild weather, the Boys' League put in a strong finish, and the final play-off found Walter Durda's "Dervishes" winners over the unusually ambitious "Stiffs," representing the staff.

FOOTBALL

A mild open winter a good leavening of Scottish laddies and a football, and—there you are! In a word, leather chasing has been the favorite outdoor sport of many, including—might we whisper?—quite a few of the fair but by no means weaker sex.

Spasmodic practice games where lots of energy and occasionally a little skill were displayed culminated in a Grad Football Match between Scotland and the World. The World gave an enterprising display but had to bow the knee before the "bandy legged wee Scotties" to the tune of three clear goals.

With enthusiasm at fever heat a challenge from the town of Vermilion was accepted and the V.S.A. team met the former eleven on the Fair Grounds pitch. A keen game enjoyed by players and spectators alike, ended in a tie with two goals apiece, McDougal accounting for the school scores. Besides the goal scorer, Ogston and Hamilton were the strong men of the team, which has received challenges to play other games, if the weather clerk permits.

Football has "caught on" thoroughly, and we look to see a regular schedule drawn up next year.



BASKETBALL HOUSE LEAGUE CAPTAINS



ACROBATICS



The Treasure Hunt

In the mellow days of Janus,
In the amber apres-midi,
Garbed in breeks and furry raiment,
Shod in moccasins and leggings,
Gathered girls of many nations.

From the environs of Islay,
From the banks of famed Peace River,
Gathered for a mild diversion
From their stern and arduous labors.
Laden down with crude utensils,
Such as those you might discover,
In the woodman's lonely shanty,
In the cold and silent northland.

Borne in boxes and in knapsacks,
Over shoulders slim but strengthly,
Nutriment had they a-plenty,
Fit for any hikers menu.

After treasure were the maidens—
Rich and succulent marshmallows,
Planted erstwhile by Miss Milne,
In the dusky eve preceding.

Off they went mid shouts and laughter,
In their quest for vagrant verses,
Which discovered, served to guide them,
Lead their errant feet a-rightly,
Over hills, and through the valley
Raced the girls in wild abandon
Till at last they reached the river,
Found the rich and succulent mallows,
Danced they then with joyous capers,
Till the wood-folk of the valley,
Eyes dilated, coats a-bristle,
Scampered off with fear and trembling
To inform their fellow kinsmen
That the day of doom had fallen.

From the nearby woods they gathered
Fallen logs and scattered twiglets,
Garnered by the storm of winter,
Soon the flames were leaping, curling,
Reaching out with arms extended.
To the bending stars above them,
To the moon in silent splendor.

Then a stillness fell upon them;
And the Soul of Night, admitted,
Stole into their hearts like magic,
Soothed the turmoil of their spirits.
And their thoughts turned from the lightness,
To the deepness of life's message.
And the tongues of flame died slowly,
Till they fell in glowing embers.
Like the girls, they fell to pondering,
And their glowing arms extended,
Grasped the earth in understanding,
And the dim flames slowly flickered

And the glowing embers faded,
And their little lives were ended.
Like the girls they'd had their capers,
Like the girls they'd grown to knowledge,
Grown to faith and understanding.
And they fell to dust and ashes,
Sighed the girls and looked about them,
But the vision had departed.
From the flames the blurred pictures.
All had turned to dust and ashes.
Gathered they their crude utensils,
Slung them over shoulders strengthly,
Home they plodded, tired in body;
But in soul refreshed and strengthened.

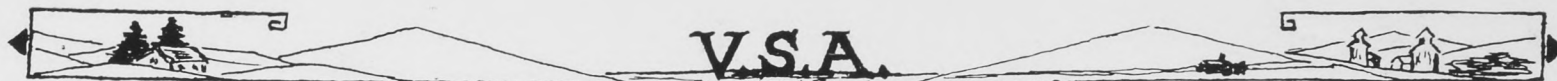
—M. O'B.

1st YEAR GIRLS

NAME	ADDRESS	NAME	ADDRESS
Berg, Mable, Brancepeth, Sask.		Haverslew, Betty, Vermilion	
Calder, Jean, Mayerthorpe		Hennig, Mary, Stony Plain	
Christenson, Agnes, Kingman		Hutchinson, Edith, Duhamel	
Clouston, Marjorie, Metiskow		Knott, Velma, Edgerton	
Dempsey, Vera, Edgerton		Latam, Vera, Bremner	
Dunn, Mary, Deville		Lawrence, Daisy, Fort Vermilion	
Duprey, Merle, Makwa, Sask.		Norland, Agnes, Edgerton	
Fluker, Ruby, Fort. Saskatchewan		Nowry, Muriel, DeBolt	
Gibson, Ruth, Vermilion			

1st YEAR BOYS

NAME	ADDRESS	NAME	ADDRESS
Applegate, Tom, Riverton		Johnston, Norman, Lamont	
Balisky, William, Sexsmith		Knudson, Merle, Irma	
Bryks, Eddie, Lamont		Lawrence, Osborne, Fort Vermilion	
Burton, Joe, Irma		Lawrence, Stanley, Fort Vermilion	
Clay, Stanley, Paradise Valley		Lent, Roy, Duffield	
Cowan, Howard, Lloydminster		Lindberg, Kingman	
Cromwell, George, Donatville		Melville, Sam, Mayerthorpe	
Dibben, Frank, Vermilion		Mills, George, Hardisty	
Don, James, Mayerthorpe		Mitchell, Sidney, Lloydminster	
Dow, Edward, Lone Rock		MacArthur, Leonard, Peace River	
Ducholky, Ed., Stony Plain		MacFarlane, William, Rodino, P.O.	
Dumbreck, Oliver, Vermilion		McArthur, Rod, DeBolt	
Emsland, Herman, Mannville		McCulloch, Jack, Westlock	
Fischer, George, Irma		McDougall, Donald, Vermilion	
Forbes, John, Two Hills		McLean, Ian, Vermilion	
Fuder, Harold, Irma		McRoberts, Sam, Vermilion	
Galbraith, John, Vermilion		Oldham, Howard, Irma	
George, John, Lloydminster		Reid, Morven, Vermilion	
Glover, Harry, Westlock		Russell, Alfred, 10555 93rd St., Edmonton	
Golby, William, Silver Heights			
Hall, Carl, Opal		Wolansky, John, Leeshore	
Hall, Thomas, Bon Accord		Young, Clayton, Ryley	
Hettinger, Cornelius, Morinville		Zwierschke, Ross, Holden	
Jackson, Harold, Balm, P.O.			



Above: WILFRED WILLIAMS, winner of the Hon. Chas. Stewart Trophy for the best exhibit of hand picked cereal.

Below: FIRST V.S.A. SEED FAIR.



The V.S.A. Alumni Association

We are taught that our mission in life is not merely to acquire money, however, useful that may be, but to be good citizens, capable of understanding our social problems and willing to assume social responsibilities with our fellow citizens. That is one of the reasons why I would encourage students to join the Alumni Association.

One of its objects is to keep alive the friendships of student days, the happy memories of, and pride in the V.S.A. an institution of which we all form a part.

The Alumni, through the "Radio," offers opportunity for the literary talented to convey their ideas, news, or poetry that will be of interest to their fellow members. The library with its many shelves opens up an avenue to the willing giver. The Experimental Union and Seed Fair, still in their infancy, offer plenty of scope for the energetic, studious members with a desire for knowledge and a willingness to work.

In pastures so rich, Mr. Editor, I must do as they do with the cows in Denmark, tether myself, using the remainder of my space for a brief greeting to the students of 1930-31.

"Already the slim crocus stirs the snow, and soon yon blanch'd fields will bloom again."

With the conclusion of another term at V.S.A. you as students of a great industry, "Agriculture," will fully appreciate the significance of the signs of spring, having in mind the opportunity to be back on the farm better equipped for your various duties.

April the first will mark for a number of you, the end of your educational journey at V.S.A. On behalf of the Alumni Association may I wish you every success and trust that the knowledge you have acquired from lectures and practical training will be profitable to you.

During your sojourn at V.S.A. you have formed associations with your Instructors and your fellow students that will be a source of pleasure for many years.

The Alumni Association's Summer Re-union offers you an opportunity to renew those friendships, talk over old times at the V.S.A. and to join in the various activities sponsored by the Alumni.

A cordial invitation is extended to you all to join and help in the building up of the Alumni. We hope that you will take it.

W. ROSS, President.

The First V.S.A. Seed Fair

The success of the Seed Fair held on January 10th, 1931, was most encouraging to the Alumni Executive and there is every possibility of being able to continue, if the support in subsequent years grows stronger.

The greatest encouragement came by way of entries made by the students now in attendance. Out of 52 entrants 30 were from students. The total value of prize monies paid was \$138.00 of which \$47.00 was the value of special prizes from outside sources.

We expect that there will be a larger prize list another year, more classes, and more prize money. We hope to have competitors of 1931 competing at our next Seed Fair, and as many more from the new student body; then we shall continue to believe that the efforts of the Alumni Association in this direction are proving worthwhile.

B. J. W.,
Sec.-Treas., Alumni Association.



Mothers' Week



The summer of 1930 saw a new departure at the Olds and Vermilion Schools of Agriculture when about forty ladies from farms in the vicinity of the respective institutions were given the opportunity of going back to school for a one-week period. The experiment was familiarly known as Mothers' Week and was given by the Department of Agriculture "by request." Farm women were invited to attend the classes and to make use of the excellent dormitory facilities for the joint purposes of rest and recreation. From the point of view of the Schools Mothers' Week was decidedly successful, from that of the "Mothers" . . . but we will let one of them give her impressions in her own words . . .

"How many, I wonder, as the days lengthen, the sun shines and the spring is in the air, look back to that wonderful week they spent last year at V.S.A.?"

"A week of some rest and much happiness; they will think of those sunny bedrooms, looking out on grassy lawns, green trees and gay flowers, the delicious meals they did not see before they sat down to the tables, the sitting rooms with their cosy arm chairs, and, above all the kindness of the whole staff and the excellent lectures they attended. Some

enjoyed one and some another, according to their particular tastes, but those on beautifying the home, both inside and out stand out as being the most enthusiastic, especially Mr. Elliott's on the home gardens and surroundings. Miss Shaw's lessons on sewing and textiles; that cooking demonstration, when we ate all the good things we made . . .

"Then the tour of the farm plots and the gardens with Mr. Elliott and Mr. Whitbread. But, oh! the mosquitos. They drove us inside against our wishes.

"Dairying, poultry, bees, we got points on how to manage these departments to the best advantage and profit.

"All would have enjoyed longer talks from Miss Storey, but realized that she was busy, planning for our comfort and could not give us more time in classes.

"Then the climax when we had two hours the last night to ourselves and danced like young things, forgot we were growing old, forgot dish-washing, mending, cleaning and had a regular frolic.

"Some day we may meet there again, if that cannot be, at least we shall have memories."



The Farm

By the Farmer himself

To attempt to write of the future of Agriculture in Alberta,—to pose as one of these latter day (minor) prophets,—is a clear case of “fools rush in where angels fear to tread.” However, we find, today, so many wonderful experts from every class of life handing out with a lavish hand all the secrets of agricultural success, that the poor old farmer can hardly be blamed for an occasional effort to usurp the platform, and venture a few of his own modest opinions.

Not being overburdened with grain hauling this winter, the weather being open and the stock looking after themselves pretty well, this aspiring hayseed has had time to read the newspapers a little more thoroughly, and try to summarize the high lights of all this invaluable advice which has been showered on him by such Agricultural Authorities as the leading Bankers, Politicians, and Railway Bosses.

With regard to the vexed wheat question, it looks as if an open ballot would be about the best thing. It would let a poor old farmer decide whether he should put in the same acreage, a bit more to cut production costs per acre to compensate for the drop in price and to provide against this dry year some prophets are promising, or attempt to reduce the world's wheat surplus by putting the forty-acre home field into green feed instead of wheat, thus cutting down (to an appreciable extent), the acreage seeded to wheat in our fair and sunny Province. Whatever is done is going to hurt somebody's feelings, that's the hard part for a poor farmer, sensitive for skins of his kindly advisors: Too bad! isn't it?

They are telling us nowadays, as a discovery recently come on after profound thinking, in the Research Bureau of the University of Fireside Theorists, that we must spread out more, must go in for diversified or mixed farming. One philanthropist has even promised to get us a considerable sum of money as a loan (interest not yet stated), to buy our neighbour's cows and sows, his ewes and his steers. This is going to solve many ills—neighbour Jones gets a good price for his cows, and pays his grocery bill and maybe a slice to carry the implement agent along. Later on perhaps the wholesalers and the Banks will get their fingers on “bossy's” purchase price, and eventually the money drifts round back to the original raisers of the loan, thus completing the magic circle. The fact that old Smith who borrowed the money in the first place to buy Jones' cow, still owes the original amount, plus a bit of interest, is no serious deterrent to the kind hearted gentlemen who thought out the scheme, and nobly provided the wherewithal.

To return to our muttons, or rather to Smith's new cow, the fact that she is now in Smith's possession instead of Jones' means that—if we understand the written word correctly—in some mysterious way the live stock population of the country side is going to undergo a quick increase, thus solving the undesirable fact that at present we do not possess enough live stock as a whole. Probably in Smith's hands “bossy” is going to raise twins, though we understand that he had not much experience in Animal Husbandry before. However, eventually there will undoubtedly be more hogs and steers and butterfat to sell, which will keep the wheels greased and turning, whether there is any money for Mr. Farmer or not.

This hayseed has “had some” already, and though an optimist by profession and of necessity, as witness his calling, he can hardly be blamed if he looks the latest gift horse in the mouth. True, the old nag's teeth have been filed down a bit by a lower interest rate, and his hocks have been carefully treated for the bog spavin which made him pretty stiff and unwieldy in the old days, but he's still the gift horse.

The truth of the matter is that most of us farmers have suffered in the past,—partly our own fault—from too free credit, and an ostrich-like ignoring of the future. We've treated our farms as temporary abiding places, factories for producing money quickly through selling the fruits of the soil: our intention has too often been to collect a “stake,” unload on a “sucker,” and “pull out” for the California or Florida of our dreams. It is a hard thing for those caught in the pinch to realize, but perhaps this so called depression is the best thing that could have happened to us and to Western Canada. If the result of the times is that we start from a solid foundation, create real permanent homes to be lived in, live on part of last year's income rather than the income of a year ahead, and realize to the full that we possess neighbours, good-hearted folk ready to share with us the joy and problem of living together in companionable manner,—then indeed will this fair Canada of ours achieve to the full her glorious destiny, a Nation of united happy people, admired and respected by the rest of the world. The foundation of this lies in the farm homes of our land, and the outcome rests on you, her Youth. Yours is the future; grasp it and be strong!

Fischer (in Field Husbandry Class)—“Say, Don, give me my pen.”

Don—“Oh, dry up.”

Fischer (with vigour)—“Nobody can tell me to dry up, and get away with it.”

Mr. Whitbread—“Fischer, DRY UP.”

Fischer (meekly)—“Yes, sir.”

* * * *

Sidney Mitchell on his return home at Christmas was asked if the instructors at V.S.A. like him. His reply was, “Well, they do not seem to get enough of me during class hours so they keep me in after school.”

* * * *

Miss Shaw—“Betty, don't you know when the morning class starts?”

Betty—“No, you are always started when I get there.”

* * * *

Ian H.—“What did you think of my lamb at the Royal, Mr. Elliott?”

Mr. Elliott—“Fine, laddie, fine.”

Ian H. (reflectively)—“Where have I heard that word before?”

* * * *

Hammie (coming into room 94 with a coat across his shoulder)—“Ogston, have you seen a coat hanger looking for me?”

* * * *

Definition

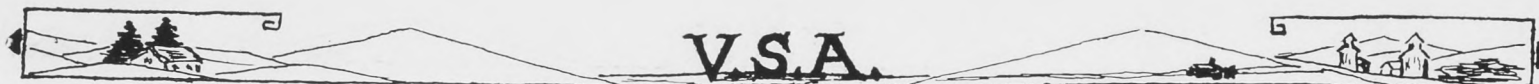
Teacher—“What is a Farm?”

Student—“A piece of land entirely covered by mortgages.”

* * * *

Bob M.—“Say, Gunda, I just cracked my head on the door.”

Gunda—“H'm, that's once you cracked a joke.”



C. Warner
Versatile Club
 C. WARNER W. WILLIAMS E. SWINDLEHURST
 MISS F. MACLEAN MISS L. WITHNELL



W. Lawrence
Third Year Group
 L. MCGHAN J. CHANTREAU E. SWINDLEHURST
 S. PAWLIUK MISS O. MELNYK MR. F. B. DIXON
 W. DURDA D. HAY B. SMITH

THIRD YEAR

The Third Year of 1930-31, considering the times, was very well represented. Although we were kept unusually busy, we still found time to join in the Social and Committee work of the school, and to enjoy ourselves generally.

If space permitted many tales might be told, of our "Three Musketeers", Jacques, Steve and Walter; of Barrie our budding Don Jaun; of Doug, the protector of the employer; of Olga, ever sweet and demure; of Lloyd, of hockey fame; and of Ed., who kept the still going, but would on no account offer the boys a drink.

We owe much to our instructors, Messrs. Dixon and Turnbull for their untiring energy on our behalf. This indeed, has been a pleasant term, and we are sorry that the time is fast approaching when our ways will part.

—E.S.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Many and enjoyable have been the gatherings of our Dramatic Club this year. During the term we undertook to produce three plays. While primarily the object of the Club was to encourage that poise and absence of self-consciousness which is an attribute of every true actor we managed to entertain a very appreciative audience on these three occasions and we sincerely hope that during the coming years the Dramatic Club will hold a prominent place in the social life at V.S.A.

"Evening Dress Indispensable," was staged before the Christmas holidays. The cast was as follows:

GEORGE CONNAUGHT	Percy Howe
GEORGE CHANDLER	George Mills
ALICE WAYBURY	Lucy Withnell
SHEILA (Alice Waybury's daughter)	Margaret O'Brien
NELLIE (the maid)	Merle Duprey

During the second term two plays were undertaken:

"That Rascal Pat"

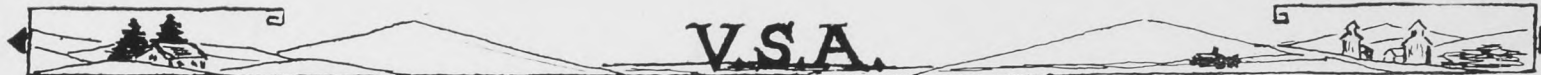
CAST

LAURA	Dorothy Hetherington
NANCY (Laura's maid)	Betty Haverslew
MAJOR PUFFJACKET (Laura's uncle)	Everett Johnson
CHARLES LIVINGSTON	James Williams
PAT (an Irish servant to Charles)	Donald McDougall

"Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick"

CAST

AARON	Alf. Russell
CLARENCE GREEN	Stanley Lawrence
WILBUR MERRIDEW (Gladys May's Uncle)	Percy Howe
MRS. BERRY (a widow)	Olinda Drozdowich
GLADYS MAY (a City Girl)	Mary Applegate
SIS. RIGGS (a Country Girl)	Jean Calder



THE RADIO COMMITTEE

We feel that the "Radio" has had a successful year. The issue has been restricted to a semi-monthly publication rather than a weekly one, and the aim has been towards quality rather than quantity.

To Percy Howe, the Editor, is due much credit. He has worked hard and consistently and the success of our school paper has been due, in no small measure, to his efforts. To Miss Fern Clement, too, who although not a member of the Committee, has given her typing ability so faithfully, we tender our thanks.

An open Valentine dance put on by this Committee was well attended. There were new lighting effects, and several novelties were introduced which, no doubt, helped to make the affair an outstanding event.

Financially, the "Radio" is on its feet. It contributed \$15.00 to the "Little Royal," and, with the profit reaped from the dance, there is a surplus with which to begin next term.

We hope that you treasure your "Radios," and, that years from now when you wish to freshen your memories of dear old College days, you will cast an eye over their pages.

Until next year, then—good-bye!



Radio Committee

From Left to Right: MISS F. CLEMENT, J. DON, MISS DUPREY
MISS M. O'BRIEN, MISS O. MELNYK, P. HOWE

VERSATILE CLUB

First formed in January 1928 the "Versatile Club" has kept as its aim the bringing of outside speakers to address the members on various subjects not too closely connected with agriculture. The Club originated among the Second Year Boys and for the first year the membership was confined to boys. However this year as last, the girls were admitted to membership and took an active interest in the welfare of the Club.

In spite of a somewhat late start this has been a very successful year. Our membership stands at practically one hundred, we have enjoyed four lectures to the full, and we still look forward to having one or two other speakers visit the school.

Mr. L. Higgins, a well known Edmonton authority, gave a very interesting talk on "Fine Prints." This was the opening lecture of the season, and gave the Club an excellent start. Mr. Higgins set an extremely high standard for the succeeding lectures to try to equal.

Our second speaker, Mr. Sackville, addressed the Club at the time of the "Little Royal." In his talk "The Problems of Tomorrow," Professor Sackville threw fresh light on many of the much discussed problems which are facing us at the present time.

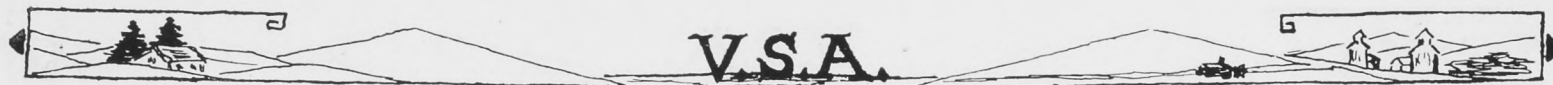
The name of "Big Bear" will long remain fresh in the memories of those attending Mr. Bleasdale Cameron's lecture, the third one on the list. Mr. Cameron, an old timer, past editor, author, and the sole survivor of The Frog Lake Massacre was bound to be an interesting personage. Such he proved to be, holding the attention of his audience with a vivid account of the early days and his association with the Indians. Mr. Ottewell's address was perhaps the most humorous of all. The serious nature of the subject "Unemployment" did not lend itself to humor readily, but Mr. Ottewell entertained us rather than lectured us.

The Versatile Executive wish to thank all members for their support, and to express the hope that the present First Year students will return to carry on the good work of the Club.



Athletic and Gymnasium Committees

Standing: E. JOHNSTON, B. SMITH, W. DURDA, G. OGSTON
Seated: MISS V. DEMPSEY, A. RUSSELL, MISS M. CLOUSTON, MISS L. WITHNELL
D. MACDOUGALL, MISS MACLEAN



Students' Council

MISS O. MELNYK	MISS F. CLEMENT	MISS M. MAIRE
H. SCRABA	E. SWINDLEHURST	R. LENT

Social Activities

Who among us has not looked forward to the social gatherings that make such a pleasant break in the weekly routine?

This year there has been a varied programme presented by the various Committees and enjoyed by Staff and Students alike.

Our first social event, likely to be remembered by newcomers as a fitting climax to an otherwise trying day, was the "Initiation" Dance. Before this took place we were entertained by the "Freshies" who were eager to show that the initiation had by no means dampened their spirit and that they were "game" to provide amusement for their erstwhile tormentors.

The Staff Reception to the Students, given on November 22nd, will be remembered as a time when games and singing were followed by a very enjoyable dance.

At the invitation of Mr. Pilkie, of the Columbia Theatre, we all enjoyed a free show during the early part of the term. Our thanks are due Mr. Pilkie for this "Theatre" night, which we have come to look forward to as an annual event.

The evening of December 6th found the V.S.A. young people on their way to the High School where they were cordially received and entertained.

At the Opening Dance held on December 12th a large number of ex-students and Vermilion people were present to help us appreciate the good music and the equally good refreshments served at the close of the dance.

A short concert, Christmas tree and play closed out our fall functions. Just what happened among the left-overs at Christmas is too much of a mystery to dig up at this late date and we shall therefore have to leave it out.

The organization of our School Orchestra since the holidays has added much to the social evenings and the practice dances to its music have been very popular.

The skating party under the auspices of the Athletic Committee made a welcome break in January's series of dances and a Valentine's Novelty Dance put on by the "Radio" Committee was also a special feature.

At the time of writing we are still looking forward to several more entertainments and have no doubt that they will be up to the standard of those which have gone before.



Inter-School Debate

The evening of Friday, March the sixth, found staff and students of the V.S.A. gathered in the assembly hall of the High School for the fourth successive debate between the two schools. Keen interest has always been shown in what has now become an annual event and this year, again, a large and appreciative audience listened to the contestants as they brought forward their arguments pro and con the New School Act.

The resolution read: "Whereas the present system of school administration in the Province of Alberta has proven inefficient, therefore be it resolved that the proposed changes as put forward by Hon. Perrin Baker be adopted." Miss Lucille Erwine and Miss Ethel Shields upheld the resolution for the High School, and Mr. Thos. Hall and Miss Edith Hutchinson supported the negative.

All except the last speaker had debated before, nevertheless she, too, showed a marked ability to speak in public and the standard of previous debates was well maintained.

In his opening remarks, the chairman of the evening Dr. W. W. Bell outlined the system that it was proposed to follow in judging the debate. In order to test the ability of the audience everyone present was to be allowed to vote, though this vote was in no way to affect the decision of the judges, which was to be final. We were fortunate in having as judges Professor A. E. Ottewell of the University of Alberta, Mr. J. W. G. Morrison of Vermilion, and Rev. Halliday of Lloydminster.

At the close of the debate, Prof. Ottewell in his usual kindly way, criticised each of the four speakers in turn and congratulated them on their effort. It remained for Dr. Bell to give the decision of the judges which proved to be in favor of the High School. This is the second consecutive win for the High School and the next debate therefore promises to be even keenly contested, as each school has now won the cup twice.

We must not forget to mention in closing the musical numbers given by members of the High School and the short programme put on by the Glee Club at the close of the debate, all of which were enjoyed thoroughly.

Ed. Swindlehurst—"Ladies and gentlemen, before I begin my remarks I have something I should like to say to you."

* * * *

Mr. Whitbread (also might apply to Miss S.)—"I can do something none else in the world can do."

Mr. Turnbull—"No, what is it?"

B. J. W.—"Read my own writing."

The Literary Committee

The Friday afternoon programmes sponsored by the Literary Committee have been most enjoyable and a good deal of unsuspected talent was brought to light for the entertainment of the students. Stump speeches and stunts of various kinds enlivened the various lit. periods, while budding violinists and soloists presented items of marked interest. Bob MacDonald delighted the gatherings on several occasions with solos played on an ordinary handsaw.

After the Christmas vacation we enjoyed a talk given by Ian MacLean on the work of the Boys' Parliament, which he attended as Member for the Vermilion School of Agriculture. Plans for the future development of boys' work in Alberta were outlined and an interesting resume of what has already been accomplished was given.

The Literary Interclass competitions have provided an outlet for the enthusiasm of the various groups in the School and were very successful.

The annual debate with the High School, held under the auspices of this Society, occasioned considerable interest and the account of this event, given elsewhere in the Yearbook, will be interesting to ex-students



Social and Literary Committees

Standing: MISS E. HUTCHINSON	R. MACDONALD	MISS V. LATAM
MISS D. HETHERINGTON	R. FOSTER	MISS J. COCHRANE
Seated: M. REID	S. PAWLIUK	D. HAY
		I. MACLEAN

owner of
the
yearbook



"FARMING IN INDIA"

(Continued from page six)

being filled in with cow-dung, and the roofs thatched with straw or palms. Mother earth supplies the necessary floor, and this is generally smoothened with frequent applications of liquid manure. Beds are a luxury, and then are crudely made of four posts, about a foot off the ground, with the necessary cross-pieces, and coir string criss-crossed to hold the scanty bedding; in most houses, a mat on the floor indicates the nightly resting place, and a thin sheet serves as the sole covering for the night, even in the coldest weather. Of other furniture, there is none. A mud oven may be inside the house, but is generally without. As for wall decorations, there is little to relieve the eye; perhaps a gaudily colored print of a god with several arms and heads, or of a figure possessing a squatting human, body and elephant's head, (the god Ganpati). To the Western eye their habitations are almost untenable, more especially when a large family is clustered under a single small roof; yet the ryot's contentment is almost blissful; his wife sweeps the floor, and occasionally applies an additional coat of cow-dung to it; her brass plates and aluminum dishes are kept assiduously clean by daily scrubbing them with mud and ashes; she has little trouble in dressing the children for their sole garment consists of a piece of string around the neck or waist, and she proves herself a veritable help-mate to her man.

Wheat and rice are among the most important crops of India; in 1904, she was Britain's largest wheat supplier, but has now fallen from that pre-eminent position. The annual wheat produced varies between 250,000,000 and 350,000,000 bushels, mostly soft varieties, and some hard Canadian wheats are imported for blending purposes. Rice is the staple food of the middle and better classes, and a fair quantity is also available for export. Millets supply the staple food of the ryot himself and the poorer classes, and they grow prolifically; in some districts, better suited for its growth, gram (legume) takes the place of millets as the ryot's main food. Linseed and castor seed are largely grown for export purposes; the linseed cake is also exported to the Continent, but the ryot recognizes its value for stock feeding if he can afford it, and the quality of the oil produced is recognized as of a high order—it is mostly consumed by indigenous paint companies.

Such is the nature of Indian soil and climatic conditions, that it can produce almost any variety of cereal or fruit. The fruit orchards on the Himalayan slopes grown most European fruits,—though the Europeans will not admit to the taste and quality being equal to their home grown varieties—and the plains afford a vast profusion of tropical fruits. Tea and coffee cannot be excluded from the agricultural products of India; tea was introduced by European enterprise in the middle of the past century, and the majority of the tea-planters are English—and a lonely lot their's is too, with their vast estates staffed by coolies, (women, mostly, do the picking of the tender leaves to be later dried and used for tea), they seldom see a white face. Coffee is an indigenous plant, and is grown principally in the hotter regions of the south, the cultivation being largely followed by natives, though there are also several European coffee planters.

The rainfall of India varies exceedingly; Cherapunji, in Bengal, holds a world's record in submitting itself to a deluge averaging 500 inches a year; I have seen 12 inches—the yearly average in some parts of Canada—fall in one day in Bombay, which has an average fall of 90 inches; but, this is not universal. Some tracts are particularly subject to drought. If it has been said that the Indian cultivator will not reform to modern advanced farming methods, he can surely teach his fellow worker on the prairies of Canada many instructive lessons in irrigation. His methods compare favorably with the colossal projects inaugurated by the government. Practically all the rain falls during the monsoon months, June to September, and it has behoved the ryot to devise means of watering

the arid tracts. These are both ingenious and praiseworthy. I have seen farms in Canada skirting rivers and lakes, and the owners making no attempt to derive any benefit from their advantageous situations. Compare the methods of the Indian cultivator. Most farms have a substantial well, some 15 to 20 feet in diameter; these are located on the highest ground on the farm; a simple pulley is rigged up over the well, and a huge leather mussock capable of holding some 20 gallons of water is let down into the well, and pulled up by a rope over the pulley and attached to the yoke of the cattle. To lighten the task of the oxen, a slope is cut from the side of the well, down which they run. Arriving at the top, the mussock empties itself into an earthen or cement trough, from which it is fed to various parts of the farm by means of mud drains, built by hand. The ryot may be seen at his happiest irrigating his fields, for he balances himself on the rope attached to the oxen gaily chanting a bucolic song as the monotonous tramp up and down the slope continues. In some parts of the country, the cultivators bail water from a canal or river running by their lands, into a trough on higher land, and from this it is fed to their fields by the same clever system of mud drains. Rough holes are made in the sides of the drains through which the water flows to the fields, and these are easily closed with mud whenever necessary. For bailing purposes a mussock or stout piece of matting is used with ropes attached to the four corners. Two or four laborers man these ropes, and lift the water to the trough on the higher level, keeping time the while to a song bawled out by one of the group. Occasionally, when the level of the land is appreciably higher than the water two troughs are made, and two gangs of water lifters come into play.

Many Canadian farmers, situated near lakes or rivers might well emulate the Indians in their methods of irrigation. They have better means at their disposal in the shape of horses which are idle for a goodly portion of the year; they often have, or can readily procure a motor with which to pump water to their fields, and may use pipes instead of the rough mud drains built by the Indian. At present they leave themselves too much at the mercy of the elements.

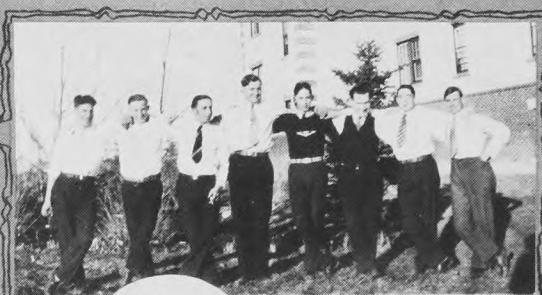
In regard to cattle, it has already been stated that oxen alone are used for farm work practically throughout the country—near the Sind desert camels are hitched to the plow. The military authorities have some particularly splendid specimens of bullocks which are used for transport purposes, though these are now conceding place to the tractor; some of these animals possess magnificent, even terrifying horns branching out to 4 and 5 feet between the tips. The buffalo—a cross between the wild bull and domestic cow—supplies a very rich milk, often too rich to feed to children, from which is made the best "ghi" or clarified butter with which most of the European cooking is done. This is too expensive for most Indians who use various oils. The cattle found on the farms are usually a sorry spectacle, due mainly to lack of pastures, and the ryot's ignorance of proper breeding methods. Here again the poverty of the cultivator prohibits him experimenting in breeding methods; he cannot afford to buy good stock; in regard to pastures, he puts as much of his land as he can into a crop of some kind in order to make it as productive as possible. Cattle improvement is therefore left mainly to government agriculturalists. In many districts, goats represent the ryot's dairy cattle, and supply him with his milk; it is not an uncommon sight to see the nanny-goats browsing on the dry parched plains with gunny bags tied round their udders, that their young may not deprive the owners of their milk supply.

Although so desperately poor, the lot of the Indian ryot is gradually improving. The government agriculturalists strive to teach them the benefits of modern farming machinery and methods; they are attempting to improve the live-stock, and to unloose the strangle hold of the relentless money-lenders; experiments are in progress towards improving seed

(Continued on page 39)



Hail! Hail! the Gangs all here!



January 31st



The Dying Swan



Four of a Kind



Hash Slingers



The Two Suckers



Thanks for the Buggy Ride



All Together



The Morning after the Night Before



Ain't We Got Fun?



The Captives



Caught



Life in the West Wing

THE pleasant May day is drawing to a close. You have finished the last round and shut down the tractor for the night. Home to supper, then a quick change, and you are in the old fliver on your way to the dance, with the only girl in the world telling you what a perfectly wonderful driver you are. A bell rings faintly far off, and you wonder idly what it is. After a considerable time you arrive at the dance, and presently you are floating across the floor to the dreamy strains of a waltz. Suddenly you feel a jab in the ribs, and someone yells, "Hey! snap out of it, yuh big stiff, the bell went twenty minutes ago." You awake to the grim reality of ten short minutes before breakfast, and the awful realization that the door will be locked two minutes after Grace is said.

You break all existing speed records getting dressed, and as you grab for your shaving kit you mentally resolve to get an alarm clock before another day catches you late for breakfast. A mad rush to the wash-room, where you see ten boys using eight basins and ten more waiting. By the time you get a basin you have thirty minutes to go, so you leave the shaving until after breakfast and, believe it or not, you generally get there on time. Indeed, it can truthfully be said that there is a greater display of real speed in the five minutes preceding breakfast than at any other time during the day.

After breakfast the gang congregate in the smoking room. Dark rumors are afloat. It seems that our doughty hand-spring expert and his good natured assistant from Irma are going to lead a punitive expedition against certain refractory students, with the fell purpose of giving them some first hand information on initiation. The proposed victims catch the rumor and retire to confer among themselves.

The gang slowly disperses. Suddenly a rubber band snaps and a pellet hits the wall, or possibly someone's face gets in the way. The unfortunate owner of the face reaches for his weapon and ammunition as he dives for the doubtful protection of a chair back, and the air grows thick with flying bits of paper, orange peel, or anything else which comes handy. The warning bell brings this to an abrupt close, for fifty cents buys a ticket to the show just as easily as it pays a fine for being late for class besides giving much more satisfaction to the owner of the aforesaid fifty cents. Generally someone forgets a book, and comes tip-toeing back into the wing to be speeded on his way by the housekeeper, should she happen to see him.

When noon comes there is a scramble for the post office. The unfortunates whose boxes are empty return in disorder, loudly declaring that they'll never write another letter. With this off their chests, they sit down and start one or two before dinner.

If this happens to be Wednesday, there is great speculation as to whom you will have to eat your meals with for the next week. When the bell rings there is a scramble, quiet but none the less desperate, for clothes pins and for the seats farthest away from the server's place. A subdued tustle is noticed at one table where the lad with the fan on top of his head refuses to take his turn at serving. This has an interesting sequel after dinner when the obdurate Scotty is shoved under a shower

without the usual formality of removing his clothes. If there happens to be pie for dinner, a few of the best long distance eaters will be seen waiting outside the door on the boys' side after the meal is over. After a nerve-racking wait, the staff rises and departs. While the door is still closing after them, there is a rush from the west side, the fastest sprinter getting most of the left-over pie. At least, that is the theory. We strongly suspect that the little kitchen girl with the big smile has a soft place in her heart for some of the sprinters, judging by the fact that the last comer often departs with the biggest piece of pie. Of course, tumbling is hard work, and probably necessitates extra nourishment.

At one-thirty the boys depart for Carpentry or Blacksmithing as the powers-that-be have decreed, or perchance, it is to rack their weary brains (if any) over chemical equations which refuse to be balanced, or to speculate on the best way to hang a person by means of pulley and lever until the awesome "Parallelogram of Forces" is sprung on them, at which they quietly swoon away.

There are generally a few brief skirmishes in the corridors before supper, but the boys are too fatigued by the heavy day's work to do more than lie on the bed and wait for supper. When the bell rings, fatigue is forgotten in the rush to the dining room.

After supper, there is a general trek to the gym to watch the would-be champs. battle for the basketball cup, or possibly to watch Bob demonstrate hand springs, fore and aft, for the benefit of his troupe of aspiring converts, who comment on how easy it looks, then try it for themselves and generally succeed in landing on that portion of their anatomy upon which they are accustomed to sit, while the lights dance the heel and toe before their astonished eyes. (If you don't believe this, try it once.) Not all, we hasten to add, attend to watch the performance. You may verify this by glancing up in the balcony any evening. However, the balconyites appear to enjoy themselves, so that is that. They are there, by the way, because intimate parking in front of the radio is frowned on by the matron, as some of the boys and girls have discovered.

Study hour comes all too soon, and one of the staff appears on the scene to herd the crowd out of the gym. There is a slow and reluctant dispersal to the various rooms, not forgetting the smoking rooms. The term "Study Hour" is a misnomer in most cases, though, of course, various pillow fights must be carried on more or less quietly. The fact that these scimmages are against the rules adds a gust which would otherwise be lacking. The lid is off at 10 p.m. and almost anything is apt to happen to the unwary one who walks boldly through a door without reconnoitring to locate any sniper who happens to be hiding around the corner, sling shot in hand. The fun reaches its greatest height about the time the "Lights Out" bell goes, and it passes unnoticed. It is surprising, though, how the sound of a hard heel on the stairs will disperse a howling mob who failed to hear a bell that would wake the dead. When the door opens, the corridor is empty, and all is quiet on the western front.

And so it goes. In the immortal words of Shakespeare, or somebody, "It's a great life, if you don't weaken."

—R.L.



CECIL WARNER, Vermilion

Come greet this lad of silver tongue,
He dearly loves his chickens;
More of his prowess might be sung,
But he'd give me the dickens.

HELEN HECKO, Clover Bar

This diminutive damsel named Helen,
I could whisper, But that would be tellin'
On the basketball floor,
She keeps all in a roar,
With stampin', and cheerin', and yellin'.

WASSILY HUDZ, Sexsmith

Here's another Northern wight, though not a
giant in stature,
He works away, both night and day; to do so
is his nature.
Now choose for me a rhyme with Hudz; make
it both apt and funny;
A jolly lad, he's ne'er in ruts, he'll toss you
for your money.

(READ ACROSS)

HAROLD HAMMOND, Westlock

Vermilion claims the V.S.A.
Westlock is proud of Harold's deeds,
He spends his summers making hay,
His winters over grains and weeds.

ANNIE LITWEN, Eldorena

Annie Litwen from near Eldorena
Is the last word in cooks, have you seen her?
At making bread raise
She's beyond common praise,
So her hubby will never get leaner.

MYRON LATAM, Bremner

Myron Latam of Clover Bar
Came to school and will go far;
He has such a tender heart
That every girl secures a part.

(READ DOWN)





ALICE TURNER, LAST LAKE ✕

Alice Turner of northern fame,
From Peace River to 'milion came;
Her smile, her wit, her generous heart,
We one and all have shared in part.

ERNEST PITMAN, Chauvin ✕

Our Ernie's a farmer from Chauvin,
To V.S.A. he came arovin',
With the sheep, or the grain,
In the sunshine, or rain,
He's up at the top and keeps movin'.

WILLIAM EVERETT JOHNSTON, Lamont ✕

This lad of Lamont is old Buck,
With the ladies he's surely in luck;
So quick to advance,
At the game or the dance,
On a Brunette just south, now, he's struck.

DOROTHY HETHERINGTON, Auburndale

The most stunning of brunettes is Dot,
Personality plus, she has got,
When she smiles upon Buck,
That lad's sure in luck;
On committees, she's right on the spot.

BERNICE FOSTER, Sexsmith

A lady of charms is Bernice,
Who comes down to us, right from the Peace;
At dancing she shines,
And has glorious times,
So a popular maid is Bernice.

(READ DOWN)

JOHNNY MAIRE, Islay

Here's the face of our friend Johnny Maire,
Came to school just as light as a fairy;
After weeks nine or ten
In the Crate Feeding Pen,
He grew fat, did our friend Johnny Maire.

(READ ACROSS)



PERCY HOWE, Rivercourse

A lanky lad is Percy Howe,
Our energetic Editor;
From Rivercourse he comes, and now
She is Alberta's creditor.

MARJORIE McLAUGHLIN, McLaughlin

Marjorie, from McLaughlin way,
Came to join the V.S.A.,
A lady fair, whose head contains
Quite its modicum of brains.
A two-in-one she came to be,
This lass, so shy and bright,
Her company, if you're like me,
You'd have for moonlit night.

WILFRED WILLIAMS, Bruderheim

Here is a boy who'll never quit, he's never
learned how;
Give him a job that needs some grit, he'll
see it through, I'll vow.
Committee work is asked of him, at showing
grain he takes the cup;
On football field, or in the gym., where help's
required, he turns up.

(READ ACROSS)

BERTHA ARNDT, Bruderheim

A happy young lady is Bertha,
Who let's nothing upset or disturb her;
At the needle she plies
To win prize after prize;
Is this work? No it's pleasure for Bertha.

ROBERT McDONALD, Landonville

Bob is our first class athlete,
With one fair maid he's rather sweet;
How this will end, we do not know,
But all will vow, Bob's never slow.

MARGARET O'BRIEN, Grande Prairie

Biddy O'Brien of Prairie Grande
Came to join this happy band;
A damsel full of life and pep,
In class, at play, she makes 'em step.

(READ DOWN)



V.S.A.



JAMES THOM, Aberdeen, Scotland

Come greet this loon frae Aiberrdeen
Whose hair is slicked sae dandy,
On Honour's Roll his name is seen,
For wi' the beasts he's handy.
To points far north his heart is set,
To fairm himsel' is his ambition
In sonsy bachelor home; and yet
We prophecy a quick addition.

FRANCES McLEAN, Legal

This lady with charms is our Frances,
Who leaves us to go out to dances
She's a fair two-in-one
With a soul full of fun,
And a glance that my heart always lances.

HARRY SCRABA, Lamont

Harry skates with lithesome grace
From Lamont unto this place,
Visits oft the Eastern Wing,—
Harry likes to have his fling.

(READ DOWN)

IAN HAMILTON, Stirling, Scotland

Hammie is a laddie charming,
Whose chief ambition is for farming,
A very steady two-in-one,
So his work will soon be done.

YUKOLA POOL, Beaver Lodge

Regarding our dearest old Yuk,
I could easily issue a book;
In superfluous time
She's a wonderful line,
So a boy she could readily hook.

NORMAN FOSTER, Sexsmith

There was a young fellow from Sexsmith,
At the V.S.A. learned to blacksmith,
In the East Wing not shy
On the dance floor quite spry
He's convinced love will e'er laugh at locksmith.

(READ ACROSS)



HARRY KERR, Edmonton

Harry Kerr's on the great House Committee,
But the boys won't behave, more's the pity;
Keeping bees is his line,
At sheep-showing he'd shine,
And we trust he'll do well at 'Varsity.

JEAN COCHRANE, Grande Prairie

There is a lass and she is fair,
Come toast with us Grande Prairie's Queen,
When a' the fairest maids are met,
The fairest maid is bonnie Jean.

JARED TURNBULL, Onoway

Onoway, fair Onoway,
Yes, Onoway is his home,
Expert with stock, or grain, or hay,
Our Jared far will roam.

(READ ACROSS)

ELSIE BORGEL, Strome

Elsie two-in-one from Strome,
Came to make this spot her home,
When she fights, and comes to blows,
She blackens eyes and cheeks and nose.

GORDON OGSTON, Edmonton

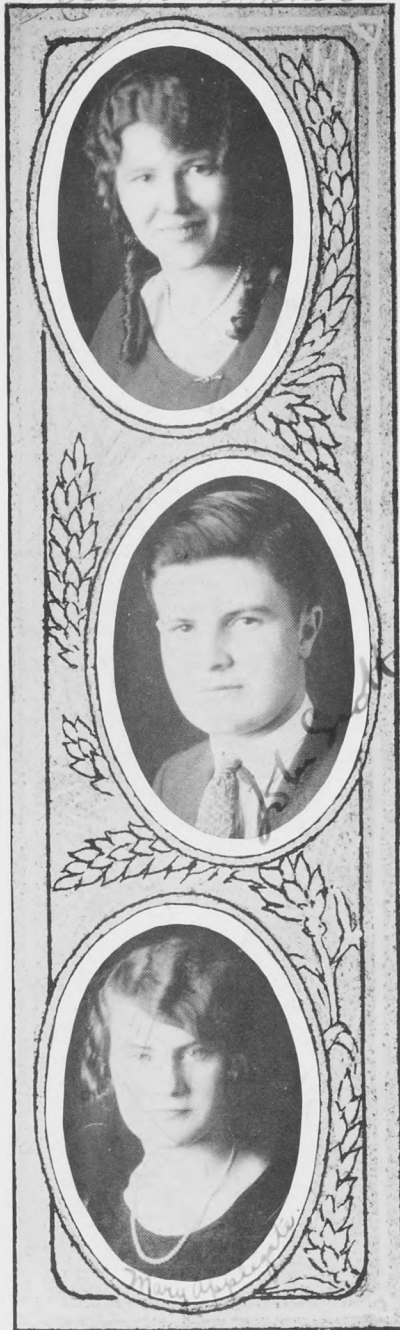
Of G.A.O. I wish to tell,
Who on the ice can go like—well,
At work or play,
He'll win the day,
And win himself a girl as well.

EMMA PROCHNAU, Bruderheim

A progressive young lady is Emma
This curly-haired Scholarship winner;
She oft says, "Oh My Stars,
Ford coupes are the cars;"
But she'll leave them behind, will our Emma.

(READ DOWN)





LUCY WITHNELL, Wainwright X

*"Mine be a cot beside a hill, a bee hive's hum shall
sooth my ear—
"And Lucy at her wheel shall spin, in russet gown
and apron blue."*

Our two-in-one to these halls came,
Her mind intent on preparation
For keeping house with lanky Ed.,
But not without due meditation.

JOHN SCOTT, Glasgow, Scotland

Oh, Oscar is a Glasca chiel,
Wha's travelled wide, and far frae hame,
Now all his works his skill reveal;
He'll be a credit tae his name.

MARY APPEGATE, Riverton

*"Oh, Mary, at thy window be,
"It is the wished, the trysted hour."*

From Riverton come back to us,
Your humble slaves of adoration;
Our fear is you will part from us,
On your impending graduation.

(READ DOWN)



BERNARD SHEEHAN, Clairmont X

A laddie of parts is our Barney,
Though few of the maids know his blarney,
He's at home on the ice, or at shaking the dice
And considers the Peace like Killarney.

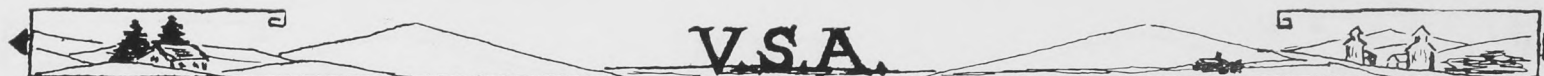
MARCELLE MAIRE, Islay X

Oh, Islay's Belle is young Marcelle,
A debator keen is she;
On the Council grave, we all feel brave,
To advance the mercy plea.
The head of the class is this sprightly lass,
With her manner sweet and stately;
With her heart of gold, she'll never grow old,
And we all admire her greatly.

ROBERT WADDELL, Stirling, Scotland

Now Waddell is a cheery wee Scot
In the Wing he keeps all on the trot;
A footballer cute, on the run or the shoot;
With his cattle he rakes in the pot.

(READ ACROSS)



WALTER FENIAK, Star

Here's Walter Feniak, its true,
Star's wee lad with eye of blue;
Worry's never in his line,
Sport and work share even time.

PETER SAMOIL, Plain Lake

Peter with fantastic toe
Likes unto the dance to go;
Yet his work he'll ne'er neglect,
'Varsity will have Peter yet.

OLINDA DROZDOWICH, Vegreville X

This morning I heard sweet young Lindy,
Sing melodious strains from her windy;
Rumour says she's engaged,
Well, we may be quite aged,
But we'll sure raise a deuce of a shindy.

MARJORIE HULETT, Vegreville

We would sing of Marjorie Hulett,
In the farm or the home she can rule it;
She knows how to cook
Sans note and sans book;
A friend good and true is Marj. Hulett.

MARTIN FJELSTAD, Dapp

Martin Fjelstad came from Dapp,
Intent on gaining knowledge;
Being quite a steady chap,
He's learned a lot at College.

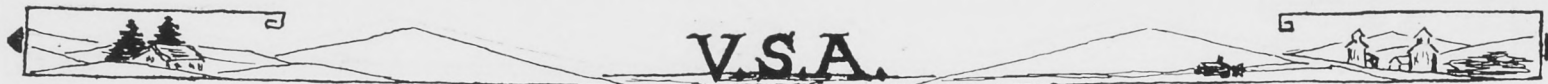
(READ ACROSS)

RAYMOND FOSTER, Sexsmith

Here are the features of Raymond Foster,
He took out a girl and then he lost her;
To River Peace by Edson Trail,
Some time ago you'd hear his wail.

(READ DOWN)





JAMES WILLIAMS, Bruderheim

Another two-in-one is James
 For home town, Bruderheim, he claims;
 When on the stage, a lady's part
 He's wont to take, with finest art.
 His motto's "Study hard, and late";
 "Professor James," will be his fate.

GRACE RODERICK, Provost

A musical expert is lovely Grace,
 This two-in-one with the winsome face
 In our Orchestra fine
 She keeps excellent time,
 Though its uphill work to keep G. in his place.

Now Reader dear, you've scanned these lines,
 At least, as far as you are able,
 Permit us, of your courtesies,
 To tell our tale in song and fable.

And while we greet these graduates
 For all their work, and its completion,
 Let's not forget the parent's help
 In thus attaining their ambition.

A word in season is but just
 For each who gave us our instruction;
 And though asunder part we must,
 Vermilion still holds her attraction.

Always
 Uniform
 in
 Quality



Made
 in
 Canada

For more than thirty years, **MAGIC BAKING POWDER** has grown steadily in public favor until, at the present time, **MAGIC** is used exclusively in three out of every four Canadian households.

The reason is that **MAGIC** is made from the finest grades of phosphate, starch and soda, expertly blended, and rigidly inspected and tested throughout all the processes of manufacture. This results in

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE QUALITY

Don't risk spoiling flour, eggs, milk and other costly ingredients—Use **MAGIC BAKING POWDER** and ASSURE SUCCESSFUL BAKING.

Standard Brands Limited
 Gillett Products
 TORONTO



Where Are They Now?

J. F. ANDREW, formerly our genial livestock instructor, is now Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture in Edmonton; we welcome him back occasionally when the course of duty brings him to his former haunts.

MISS MARJORIE ALEXANDER, now Mrs. Max Palmer, is with her husband and pretty nearly brand new daughter in Hamburg, Germany, where Mr. Palmer is Assistant Trade Commissioner, for Canada.

MISS FERN EDWARDS completes her course at Manitoba Agricultural College in April, graduating with the degree of B. Sc. in Household Economics.

W. R. BROWN is still sojourning in Minnesota, doing advanced work in science.

J. A. PERRIE, formerly third year instructor is training for the Ministry at Knox College, Toronto.

H. M. BAKER recently was forced, through ill health, to resign his position as Principal of the Public School at Hythe, Alberta.

J. W. HOPKINS, whom the 1926-27 students will remember as having initiated them into the intricate knowledge of mathematics is now in charge of plots at the University of Alberta and his son **JACK** is at present at Rothamstead, England, carrying on advanced post graduate work.

Well may we be proud of our University contingent, consisting of **BILL MEAD**, **FRANK WOOD**, **PETER WYLLIE**, **WALTER STONE**, **HAROLD WALLACE**, "**SAMPSON**" **JOHNSON**, **NICK STRYNADKA**, **FRED STRASHOK**, **ED. BARBER**, **ARNOLD PLATT**, **LINDEN BOLTON**, **JACK MILLIGAN** and one lone lady **DONNA OXFORD**. Rumor has it that many of them were attracted to the University of Alberta by the presence of **ELLEN WALKER**, **GRACE SHANDRIUK** and **ISA COLBORNE** who are training as nurses at the University Hospital. **Arnold Platt** may possibly deny this.

Our contribution to Edmonton educational institutions is further enhanced by the presence of **MARION DIXON**, **KATHLEEN MAINWARING**, **ROSS BACON** and **ERIC HALE** at the Provincial Normal School.

ETHEL WALKER, popular here two years ago, was recently seen at Mannville accompanied by **HER HUSBAND**, none other than **JIM ALLANACH**.

CHARLIE FINLEY was seen getting his money's worth at the banquet of the Mannville Agricultural Society lately.

MYRTLE DIXON was married during the past summer to **Jack Dorsheid** and is happily settled at Grande Prairie.

MISS RUTH STONE, once queen of the keys in the office in the old building, is also a married lady and is also satisfied to call the Peace River country, home.

MISS BEATRICE WILLIAMS and **MISS INGER RIIS** are located, respectively in the teaching profession in Edmonton and the School of Agriculture at Raymond.

JACK HOUSEZ, British Boy with the 1924-25 group, is now connected with the engraving department of **McDermid's Ltd.**, Edmonton.

E. R. GIBSON, former student and mountain climber of no mean ability is this year keeping the boys in step at the Olds School of Agriculture.

WESLEY PLUMMER, two-in-one last year, is staying by the farm and spends his evenings figuring the probable price of wheat "next" year.

ARCHIE MCGILLAWES tired of this same occupation and has been with the Imperial Oil Co. at Dewberry for some time.

PEARL RICHARDSON is at present engaged with the Singer Sewing Machine Co., at Vegreville; while her sister **Ruby** is on the Post Office Staff in the same town.

DOROTHY GOULD of Islay, frequently attends V.S.A. dances and thus has the opportunity of renewing old school acquaintances.

EFFIE JOHNSON entered with a class of girls to train as a nurse at the Lamont Hospital, on March 1st. Her training at V.S.A. will doubtless be of value to her.

JIMMIE SHARP is now engaged in farming in the Edmonton district and will welcome former classmates on any visits they may make.

IRENE CUNNINGHAM is married and resides near Vegreville. Her brother **Lorne** is still single and is with his parents on the farm in the same district.

W. LYLE ROBINSON is a progressive farmer in the Vermilion district and has done well with shorthorn cattle, especially in the show ring.

BILL DAVIES, formerly with the British Boys' Class of 1929, is working in a store in Sedgewick, but keeps up contact with the school by a very robust correspondence with our stenographer. When his letters arrive she may be heard singing "Happy Days are Here Again,"—when the mail is uninteresting she changes to "Why Did You Make Me Cry?"

JACK STRATHERN, British Boys' Class, 1924-25, who married Principal Elliott's daughter, is manager of the Co-operative store at Bentley.

KENNETH PRIOR, member of one of the earliest V.S.A. classes, is at present an agricultural missionary in Africa. He expects to visit Canada shortly, later going to the University of California to specialize in work on tropical fruits.

A. W. BRIGGS, two-in-one of last year, is attending Varsity along with others mentioned above.

EDSEL JONES, 1929, attended Calgary Tech. in 1930 and has been instructing in blacksmithing at V.S.A. this winter.

AMONG the many valuable lessons learned by Business during the past months not only has there been a greater appreciation of the value of consistent advertising, but also the importance of getting the most in return for every advertising dollar.

ESPECIALLY IS THIS TRUE IN THE PURCHASE
OF PRINTING!

The fight for the consumers' dollars is being waged fiercely. Advertising appropriations are being increased. The quality of advertising is reaching new heights. As a result only advertising of outstanding merit can hope to imprint itself on the prospect's mind with sufficient force to stimulate action.

This period of greater discrimination in advertising has found the customers of the Douglas Company well prepared. Long ago The Douglas Co. saw the coming of this demand for the best in printing and have qualified themselves—in equipment, in experience, in efficiency, in personnel—to know with certainty that they are justifying in the fullest measure, the confidence of their patrons.

This highest type of printing costs you little more—and often less than you are now paying. A complete and positive cost system protects you—and us.

May we have the opportunity of telling you more about our service, what it includes and what it will mean to you in greater advertising efficiency?

The Douglas Company, Limited

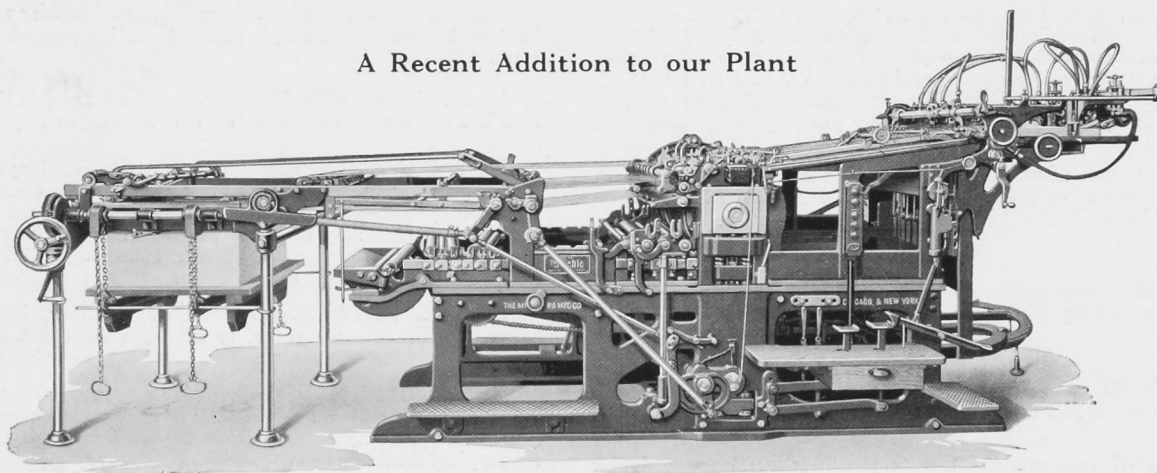
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Commercial, Legal, Professional and Society Printing

10060 104th Street,

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A Recent Addition to our Plant



No. 4 MIEHLE AUTOMATIC UNIT, TAKING A SHEET 25" x 38"

The Type of Press on which this Year Book was printed

V.S.A.



As a newly formed
Engraving Firm we are
proud to be associated
with the production of
this book and wish all
the students of V.S.A.
the
**BEST
O'LUCK**

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LIMITED
Engravers - Designers - Commercial Photos

LA FLECHE BUILDING
102ND STREET-

EDMONTON ALBERTA.

PHONE- 27083

"A Price Proposition"

So many goods are bought nowadays for their price appeal, that the possible length of service is forgotten, which is

"Fake Economy"

On goods from the Northern the service of the article is remembered long after the price has been forgotten.

See us for your C.C.M. Skates, Boots, Hockey Sticks, Pads, and all Hockey Supplies

Agents for Canadian General Electric Full Range Radios

THE
Northern Hardware
CO. LTD.

VERMILION - ALBERTA

T. WATTS, MANAGER



USE ABERDEEN HAIR CREAM

Ping Kee Laundry

Our service is unexcelled for quality and speed. The modern housewife may be saved a great deal of time and labor by making use of a laundry service that is moderate in price and in which guarantee is made that all work must be satisfactory.

A TRIAL IS SOLICITED

A Clean, Up-to-Date Stock of Dry
Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
and Men's Furnishings

Stephens Limited Departmental Store

Vermilion - - - Alberta

Fresh, Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Large Stock of Crockery and
Fancy China



STUDENTS AT WORK IN SEWING ROOM

OBERAMMERGAU

(Continued from page 11)

Yes, the play is over, but the memory of it is lasting. We have stood with those who saw Jesus as a man among men. We have viewed him without the aureole of Divinity. True, the picture is still not real enough. The dresses are too beautiful; everything is too conventional, yet behind all the disguises of conventional Christian art we have at least a sufficiently human figure to elicit sympathy, compassion and love. We are content.

The crowd has departed, the village is once more quiet and still. The whole dramatic troupe pursue with equanimity the even tenor of their ordinary life. Their royal robes or rabbinical costumes laid aside, they go about their ordinary work in the ordinary way as ordinary mortals. But what a revelation it is of the mine of latent capacity, musical, dramatic, and intellectual, that a single mountain village can furnish under adequate inspiration. It is not native capacity that is lacking to mankind. It is the guiding brain, the patient love, the careful education and the stimulus and inspiration of a great idea.

"FARMING IN INDIA"

(Continued from page 26)

grain, and perfecting new and better types; extensive irrigation works have been built, and more are now under way in the very dry areas subject to drought; one or two indigenous farm implement manufacturers have come into being, and they are gradually putting their products on the market—but very gradually. Little has been possible in the way of providing educational facilities, such as the Canadian farmer has at his elbow, but they will follow; and with the help of the benign government, coupled with his own centuries' old fortitude, the ryot will yet rise superior to the sordid and squalid poverty in which he has hitherto perforce reposed.



Boston Cafe

*The Down-Town Home
of V.S.A. Students*

Excellent Food Served
at all Hours

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A SPECIALTY

Chow Karpoy, Proprietor

Bulyea Avenue Phone 141

Columbia Theatre

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ALBERTA

The Best Productions only and the Newest

Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays
Canadian Paramount News
Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays
Canadian Metrotone News

Coming During April:

THE SEA WOLF (Milton Sills)—Sea Story
FEET FIRST (Harold Lloyd)—Comedy
MOROCCO (Gary Cooper)—Story of the Orient
THE BIG TRAIL (Big Outdoor Production)
HELL'S HARBOUR (Epic of the Air)

Compliments

OF

Safeway Stores
Limited

VERMILION

ALBERTA



STOCK JUDGING CLASS (2nd Year Boys)

E. DAVIES

MEAT MARKET



Quality Meats

Fish in Season

SIMPSON'S

Mail Order

are happy to extend, once again, greetings and best wishes for continued success to the directors, students and graduates of the Vermilion School of Agriculture.

We recognize in this great Agricultural School a vast force for good in the lives of those seeking to improve their knowledge of agriculture, and particularly those who intend making agriculture their life vocation.

*Send for a Simpson
Catalogue*

You will find its hundreds of pages of new merchandise of real interest.

The Robert **SIMPSON** Western Limited
REGINA, SASK.



OUR DISCOVERY OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 12)

turned and spat into the river, and then added with a fine sense of ridicule, "She'll break down at Battle Creek."

"You're crazy," Archie shouted, "and you're wrong." But later, on our trip, Archie asked me curiously, "How did that guy know?"

With the exception of the familiarity of this customs official Archie found the camaraderie of the States much to his liking. His introduction was usually his police card which he presented on the slightest pretext. If the stranger reciprocated, as he frequently did, with, "I once knew a McGillicuddy in Texas, or Wyoming, or Nantucket," only strong oxen could drive Archie away. As a consequence by day we loitered, by night we travelled, and we slept when we could.

There is a distinct fascination in driving at night. The ever-widening ribbon of road, the mystery of the half-hidden countryside, and the silence of sleeping towns,—all combine to create in one an elation, a sense of supremacy over an inert world. A spell at the wheel, an overpowering sleepiness, and then a few hours of relaxation, with intermittent snatches of sleep, and a vision of stars and moon. After a night in the open, what a delightful lassitude one feels in the damp warmth of morning. Like a couple of tramps we always turned off the highway into some quiet retreat for two or three hours' sleep.

On our third day I really discovered Archie. He had an unutterable aversion to Englishmen and Kings. To be agreeable, I differed with him on these subjects, but my disagreement was futile. He tore the unfortunate Englishman limb from limb and scattered him callously through the entire state of Illinois. Kings he reserved for Wisconsin, but, them, too, he thrust overboard with fine indifference.

"We don't need them," he argued. "They know nothing, they do nothing, and they cost us money. Chuck 'em and let 'em go to work." One day, at Madison, we got into close conversation with an American cousin whose ideas on kingship paralleled Archie's. He suggested much the same disposal of George V. "Kick him out, that's what you should do, kick him out."

It was then the McGillicuddy reached his full stature.

"Why, you little runt," Archie shouted, jumping up. "I'll kick you out if you talk that way. We wouldn't trade him for a barrelful of Presidents and all your Governors thrown in." Funny people, these McGillicudys.

Archie was still hot as we left the town. I dared not tell him he was on Highway 13 instead of 31, but let him speed along two or three miles until he discovered his own mistake. As he made the turn, he covered his discomfort by some remark about "darn'd Yankee ignorance," and then relapsed into silence. Silence was most certainly golden in this instance. I crept into our rear compartment for a sleep.

Shakespeare assures us that nature always manifests herself in strange ways before disaster. The death of Caesar was presaged by shooting tongues of fire and by the hooting of owls at noonday. Nature's only warning to us was a day-long rain which poured down upon the Dakota detours with devastating effect and turned them into quagmires. I recalled Archie's comparison with Verendrye and the water route and of the superiority of canoes. How we could have used canoes! All we had was a poor, old decrepit car that might better have been allowed to die peacefully in somebody's back yard. Like Browning, it died fighting, but it died, nevertheless, with a sickening crunch in its interior which Archie promptly diagnosed with all the pride of the expert. It was dead, absolutely dead. I heard some vain mutterings about rear ends and broken crankshafts, but the substance of his words was, "dead."

"At any rate," Archie muttered philosophically, "that customs fellow at Detroit was wrong. We're a long way west of Battle Creek." Which was undeniably true. And we were a long way east of Moose Jaw.

* * * * *

"Archie," I said next day, as we sat down to lunch in the diner, "after all, there's some satisfaction in exploring in comfort."

For a moment he failed to answer, but continued to survey sadly the fast-receding Dakota plains. Then he turned away, thrust his long legs farther beneath the table, and muttered in complete unawareness of my remark, "She was a good hack all the same."

LEST WE FORGET IT

With a veevo, with a vivo, with a veevo vivo vum
Johnny get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap
Johnny get a rat trap trap bang!
Hoodleum, Boodleum, Ziss Boom Bah!
AGRICULTURE, AGRICULTURE, RAH, RAH, RAH.
AGRICULTURE RAH RAH, AGRICULTURE ZIP,
Boys of the V.S. Rip, Rip, Rip.
VER - MILION! VERMILION!

Medical Advice: To the thin—Don't eat fast. To the fat—Don't eat fast.

Victor Duncan's Barber Shop

GENERAL BARBERING

LADIES' HAIR BOBBED AND SHINGLED

Marcelling and all Beauty Parlor Work
by Mrs. Duncan

VICTOR DUNCAN, Prop.

MAIN STREET

VERMILION

“FARM MANAGEMENT”

A NEW BOOK FOR ALL FARMERS

Companion Volume to the Books “Weed Control” and “Field and Farmyard”

The past year has been a difficult one for Canadian farmers, and it is evident that the present year will call for efficient management by farmers all over the Dominion if they are to realize any reasonable profit on their year's activities.

In the interests of better and more profitable farm management, Imperial Oil has published the book, “Farm Management,” which covers every phase of this subject.

This book has been edited by the Honorable Duncan Marshall, former Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, and is a companion volume to the books “Weed Control” and “Field and Farmyard” previously published by Imperial Oil Limited. It is a fact worth noting that upwards of 80,000 copies of each of these previous books have been distributed to Canadian farmers.

In preparing this new volume, Mr. Marshall personally called on and investigated the methods and records of many farmers who have been successful operators both in Eastern and Western Canada—in all branches of agriculture. He has been able to base his conclusions upon their reasonably complete records covering both good years and bad.

Among other features, this book suggests practical methods to the man who wants to set up an accounting system, or improve his present system. It discusses markets for live-stock and all types of farm produce. It covers such subjects as the selection of a farm, the management of help, and the most profitable use of implements and other farm aids.

This book, like the previous two in the series, will be distributed free on request. By mailing the attached coupon, you can arrange for your copy to be sent as soon as it is off the press.

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IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED,
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Please mail your free book “FARM MANAGEMENT” to me.

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VERMILION, ALBERTA

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We have experience and connections that will prove of real service to you: These are free and our prices are fair and equitable.

See us also for PAINT, COAL and DRY WOOD ready for the stove.

Alberta Western Lumber CO., LTD.

PHONE 16

VERMILION

A Private Income of \$100 a Month for Life

... from age 55!

IF IN GOOD

HEALTH

—\$100 A

MONTH

IF IN ILL

HEALTH

—\$100 A

MONTH

IN CASE OF

DEATH

—\$10,000

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Just picture it.

At 55, while still well and vigorous, to come into a private income (over and above other revenues), guaranteed for the rest of your life, of \$100 a month.

You simply make yearly or half-yearly deposits of an agreed amount for a specified period, at the end of which you begin to receive a monthly income for life.

That's only part of the story.

If, meanwhile, through sickness or accident you should become totally disabled, you cease paying premiums and receive \$100 a month during such disability. At age 55, the regular income of \$100 a month, unimpaired, comes into effect.

Look how your family is protected.

Should you die at any time before reaching 55, your family receives \$10,000.

This is but one example of a variety of plans which the Sun Life of Canada has for every age, condition, and amount. Fill in and forward this form (which involves you in no obligation) and exact figures suited to your individual need will be sent you.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE

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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE OF CANADA,
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Without obligation on my part please send full particulars of your \$100-a-month-for-life plan as outlined in your advertisement in _____

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OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST

Our carefully selected lines represent the best merchandise procurable—Staple and Novelty Dry Goods, Millinery, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, Men's Suits and Overcoats, Slater and Kingsbury Boots and Shoes, House Furnishings, Furniture, Crockery, Linoleums, Carpets and complete lines of Fresh Meats and Groceries.

CRAIG BROS. LTD.

Phone 205

STORES AT VERMILION, NORTH BATTLEFORD AND TURTLEFORD



↓ EDITH HUTCHINSON
JEAN COCHRANE



Statue of Liberty



"Sill" but not still



Two is company



Whoopie!



Hold Everything



V.S.A. in the Moonlight



Camera too close



Seats of the Mighty



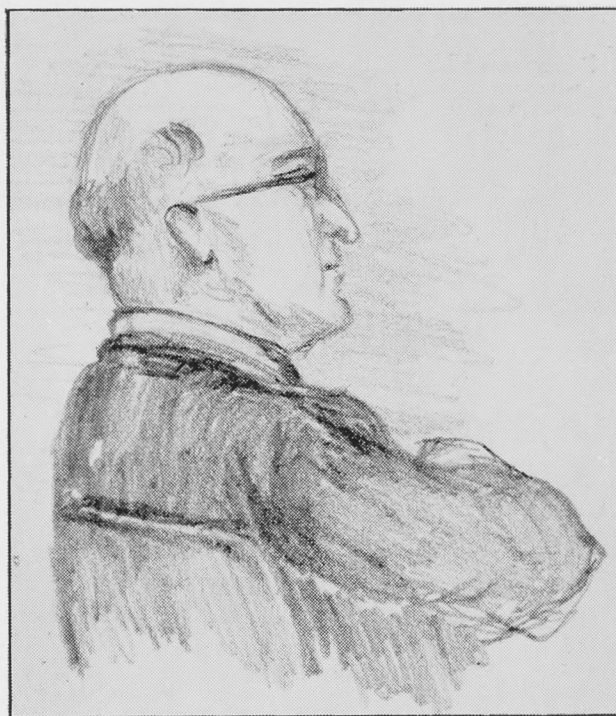
?????



We and Us Co.



Oh Yeah?



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1. MR. OITELTL
2. MR. OINXD
3. MR. RANewD
4. MISS ASHW
5. MR. LUNBURLT
6. MISS EOSJN
7. MR. SONJE
8. MISS EILMN
9. MR. AGERD
10. MR. OKCARCM
11. MR. LEMARAH
12. MR. DIWEAHBTR
13. MR. CBEHERKT
14. MISS OYSTER

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100% Co-operative

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It will fit you for the daily endeavor that brings prosperity.

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Popular Furniture Store

Vermilion

(East of Post Office)

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Market Hogs Early Next Fall

A balanced ration makes faster gains and better
conformation to Bacon Type



Include in the Hog Rations
3% to 10%

Red Ribbon DIGESTER Tankage

Guaranteed to contain
50% Protein, 20% Phosphate
Supplies the Need in Other Feed

Swift Canadian Co.
Ltd. Canada

Animal and Poultry Feed Dept.
EDMONTON

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Rates, \$1.50

126 Rooms
68 With Bath

Single, with Bath, \$2.50
Double, with Bath, \$3.50

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the

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Dining Room in Connection—Best Value in the
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Complete Outfitters to the Dairy
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BUY

Alberta 4%

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PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, EDMONTON, ALBERTA

My Room

I like it. Perhaps to an interior decorator it may not be all that it should be. In fact, it has no definite style, nor do the furnishings belong to any fixed period—one could not even say it was "done" in a certain color; but for a' that, it's a cosy room.

To begin with I have pictures—lovely ones, I think. A school group picture hangs to the right of my window, and two little maidens in dainty billowy skirts exchange "Confidences" on the other side. A water color of a scene in Rome hangs at the foot of my bed, also a woodland scene, showing a lake inlet. This is a favorite for it reminds me of a lonely lake near Jasper where I spent last summer. And lastly is a picture of a beautiful little cottage by the sea.

So by merely looking up from my interested perusal of Plutarch or Voltaire I can instantly be miles away, sailing on the sea in my ships, or back on the lake, or in Europe (which requires the most imagination, for I haven't been there).

Then my doors. I suppose you don't know why I should like my doors? Well, they are covered up, that's the reason. They have ever so many interesting things on them—photographers of various shapes, sizes, and people; several calendars, just wee ones—one showing sheep in the highlands, another of a particularly appealing dog and his master. Oh yes, and one of a very Scottish looking gentleman, Mr. Cormack, taken at the Little Royal. I also tack my favorite Christmas cards on the doors; a beautiful little scene of Hawaiian sunset with two palm trees, and a mounted snap of "my beloved."

Now, to come down to earth—but not quite. A pair of skates has been lying hopefully in the corner all winter and adds materially to the decorative scheme—which is just as well, seeing they're been tricked out of a winter this year. The bed is not unusual in the neatness of its "making" but oh, it's comfortable to slide into just three hours later than the time you should be.

And the desk, well, it would be all right if the books thereon didn't keep reminding me of all I hadn't done.

Lastly, the dresser holds just lots of things—two clocks, neither of which go, and an unusual collection of articles that should be arranged tidily, but never are. There is usually a bottle of mucilage leaking into the jewel box, or an ink bottle on the mirror.

Well now I have taken you a long journey around the world, or almost—return fare, please—back to chemistry and maths. Let's see, is this equation balanced? Oh! this Math.

—A.L.M.

Gleaned From Examination Papers.

When you breathe you inspire. When you do not breath you expire.

An insect has three parts to its body, namely, thorax, abdomen and doxology.

Figurative language is when you mean a rooster and say chandelier

Chlorine is obtained from common salt by electrocution.

Hydrogen may be obtained by applying a lighted taper to a jar inverted in water.

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Prince is regarded as the oldest inhabitant of the Demonstration Farm. "When did he arrive? Few people seem to know; but in 1913, the days before the War he proudly arched his neck, lifted his feet high and gayly trotted around Vermilion along with a mate of equally good horseflesh. History tells us that they were a fine looking chestnut team, the swiftest in the district. These were the early days, before Chevrolets and Fords became so numerous.

Long, long ago Prince lost his mate and since then no fitting partner has been found. Now alone but proud he pulls the old farm democrat.

He was always the first horse which the British Boys were allowed to handle, and could he speak to us he would have many amusing incidents to relate.

Old students returning to the college see in him a link with the past, an old friend whom they had not hoped to see, and old servant whose days they thought were done. But no, he still trots from town to school and may he continue to do so for many years more.

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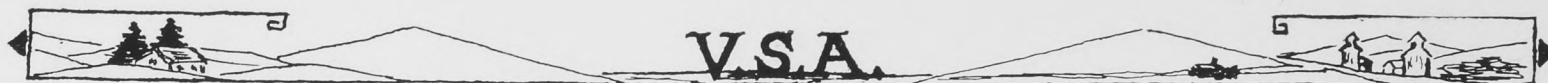
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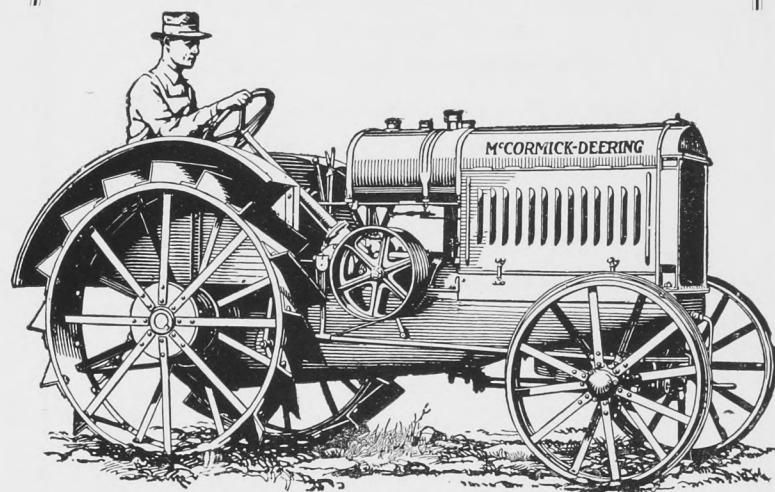
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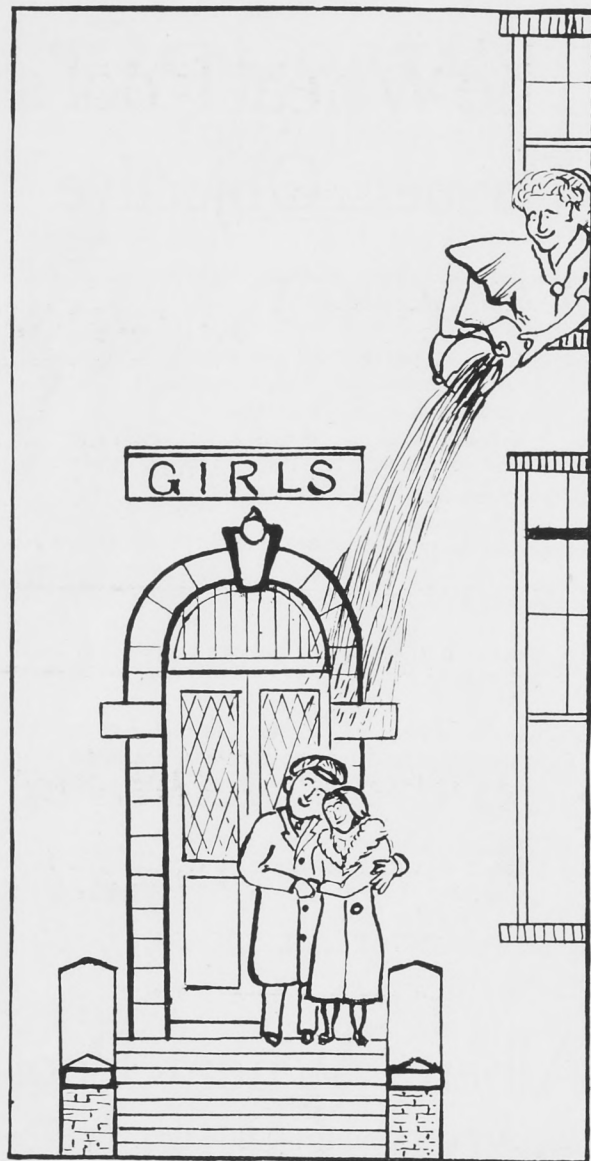
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WHAT'S A COW?

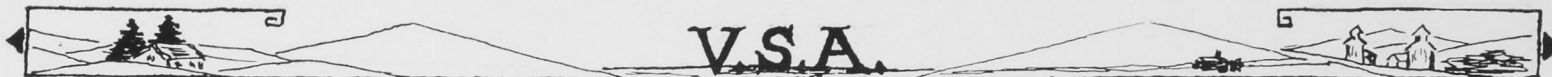
“The cow is a female quadruped with an alto voice and a countenance in which there is no guile. She collaborates with the pump in the production of a liquid called milk, provides the filler for hash, sausages and similar objects, and at last is skinned by those she has benefitted, as mortals commonly are.”

“The young cow is called a calf and is used in the manufacture of chicken salad, breaded veal and other uses of which no further knowledge is necessary.

“The cow's tail is mounted aft and has a universal joint. It is used to disturb maurauding flies and the tassel on the end has unique educational value. Persons who come in contact with the tassel have vocabularies of peculiar and impressive force.”

“The cow has two stomachs. The one on the ground is used as a warehouse and has no other function. When this one is filled, the cow retires to a quiet spot where her bad manners occasion no comment. The raw material thus conveyed for the second time in the interior of her face is pulverized and delivered to the auxiliary stomach, where it is converted into cow.”

“The cow has no upper plate. All of her teeth are parked in the lower part of her face. The arrangement was perfected by an efficiency expert to keep her from gumming things up. As a result she bites up and gums down.”



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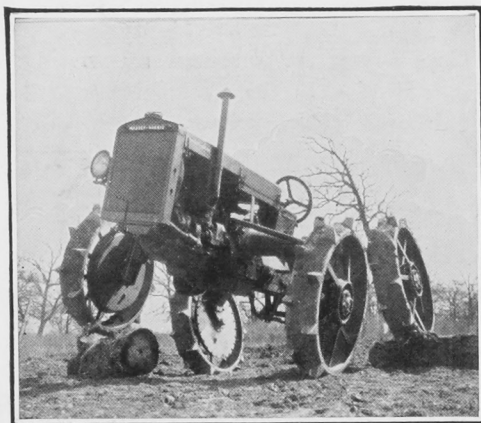
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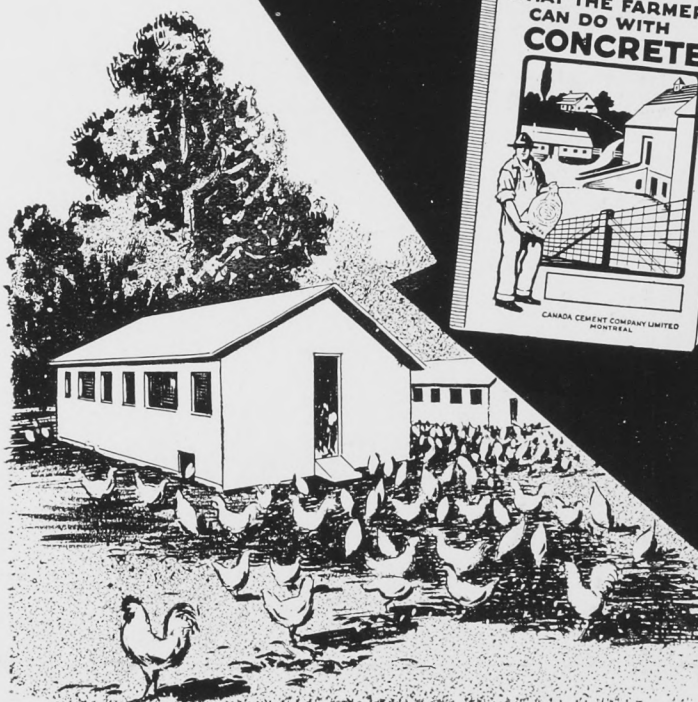
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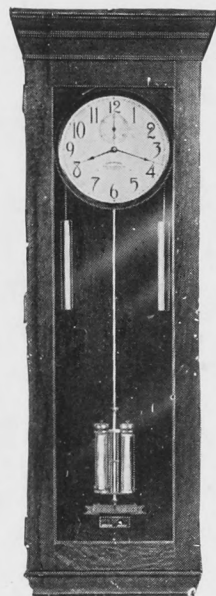
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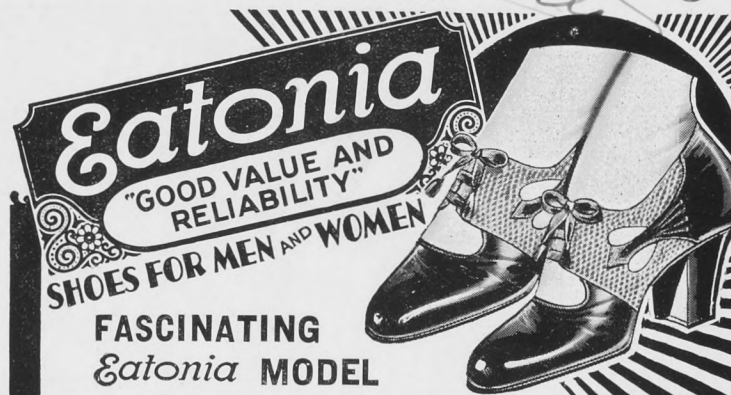
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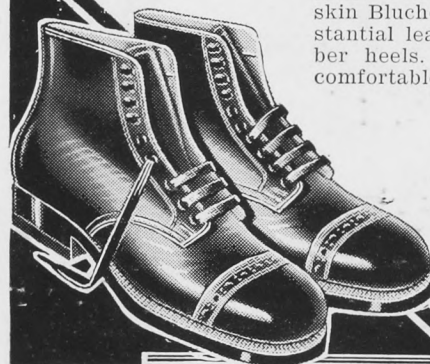
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